ED BUT UNTITLED WOMAN.
[From the Boston Globe.]

...ors:—
...is a good likeness of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, Mass., who above all other human beings is rightfully called the "Dear Friend of Woman." ...ter correspondents love to call her. She is devoted to her work, which is the outcome of duty, and is obliged to keep six lady to help her answer the large correspondence ...pours in upon her, each bearing its special suffering, or joy at release from it. Her Compound is a medicine for good and not ...s. I have personally investigated it and ...of the truth of this.
...t of its proven merits, it is recommended ...ted by the best physicians in the country. ...It works like a charm and saves much ...ll over entirely the worst form of falling ...rus, Leucorrhœa, irregular and painful ...s, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and ...Floodings, all Displacements and the consequential weakness, and is especially adapted to ...of Life."
...ses every portion of the system, and gives ...vigor. It removes faintness, flatulency, ...craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, ...stration, General Nobility, Sleeplessness, ...and Indigestion. That "feeling of bearing ...ing pain, weight and backache, is always ...ly cured by its use. It will at all times, and ...cumstances, act in harmony with the law ...s this female system.
...y $1. per bottle or six for $5., and is sold by ...Any advice required as to special cases, and ...of many who have been restored to perfect ...e use of the Vegetable Compound, can be ...y addressing Mrs. P., with stamp for reply. ...o in Lynn, Mass.
...ly Complaint of *either* sex this compound is ...ll unsurpassed testimonials show.
...ckham's Liver Pills," says one writer, "are *the world* for the cure of Constipation, ...and Torpidity of the liver. Her Blood ...ks wonders in its special line and bids fair ...e Compound in its popularity.
...respect her as an Angel of Mercy whose sole ...t to do good to others.
...ldia, Pa. (2) Mrs. A. M. D.

THE SPRING TIME
...BODY IS TROUBLED WITH ANNOYING
...ASES of the LIVER
IN SOME FORM.
...iousness,
Jaundice,
...stipation
or Headache.
...ers which always follow the failures of the ...bels to perform their proper functions, can ...d at once by the use of *Kidney-Wort*. Any ...of the diseases manifests itself in great ...fort, in loss of appetite and disheartedness.
SYMPTOMS.
...right side which is very sensitive to pressure will sometimes appear to be located ...shoulder blade. There is also irregular appetite, a sense of fullness in the region of the ...d sooner or later the skin and whites of the ...yellow, the stools are clay-colored and the urine ...ing a copious sediment. There is generally a coated tongue, and at times diarrhœa, and at ...time constipation. In short, disordered ...the stomach and derangement of the bowels ...mptoms, if not speedily given the whole ...with, will ...more serious consequences to the whole ...ystem by ...ity and ...destroying all its ...ction. When the liver becomes torpid or gorged ...its activity, a few doses of *Kidney-Wort* will ...ore it to healthy action in relation to a diet will restore the ...ach and liver to health by enhancement.
...ves used for disorders of the liver and bilious ...ortion principle, as they are simply cathartic ...ely carry off the accumulated secretions. ...*Wort can be taken by those to the very root of ...ly ill on the Liver and Kidneys at the same ...* ...ts will but effectual cathartic action moves ...rely. The moral persons that have been ...all this disease and suffering will be thrown ...ly, and be hurled into every organ, and the ...ing forces will again exert their power.
...known that the kidneys are nature's sluiceways to carry the debris and impurities that are ...ently developed in every human system. If ...healthy, health will soon suffer. But this ...not perform their own proper offices and at ...the eliminate those impurities, that should ...ee section of the bowels. How important it ...have a remedy that will have the power to ...e natural action of both these important
...EDY IS KIDNEY-WORT.
...ndicated the trouble that has harrassed you? ...package of this medicine and be cured.
...D A SAMPLE TESTIMONIAL.
...t God to Deliver Me by Death."
...quarters Veteran Corps 5th Regiment, Armory, Tompkins Market, New York, May 9, 1882.
...—I have just commenced on my second bottle ...wort. I have but little faith in either doctors ...cine, more particularly in medicines extensively advertised. However, I have suffered perhaps as ...ch as any man, has suffered from liver disease—brought ...n. I suffered for years, till it became ...ly from neglect. I have taken quinine till ...m, and my nerves were totally unstrung. ...week to Europe to try and better my health, but ...worse. In reading many of your advertisements ...e to the conclusion, as a dernier resort, to ...Wort, and did so. After the fourth day ...ck of the old malady. I prayed God to ...death, but kept to the medicine as ordered, ...I tell you today, and all sufferers from liver ...t the last three weeks I have enjoyed such ...as I have not had in many, many years. I ...you this that other sufferers may benefit by ...my experience. HENRY WARD,
...Late Col. 5th Reg., N. G., S. N. Y.
...ds Ave., Jersey City Heights, N. J.

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DYES.
...COLORS. THEY
Best Dyes Ever Made.
...OR SILK, WOOL OR COTTON.
...ES, COATS, SCARFS, HOODS, ...STOCKINGS, CARPET RAGS, ...NS, FEATHERS, or any fabric or ...tricle easily and perfectly colored to any ...Black, Brown, Green, Blue, Scarlet, ...Red, Navy Blue, Seal Brown, Olive ...Terra Cotta and 20 other best colors. ...Fast and Durable. Each package will ...to color lbs. of goods. If you have never ...try these ones. You will be delighted. ...druggists, or send us 10 cents and any ...ted cent post-paid. 24 colored samples ...of fancy cards sent for a 3c. stamp.
...RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

...D and SILVER PAINT.
...ize Paint. Artists' Black.
...ding Fancy Baskets, Frames, Lamps, ...ers, and for all kinds of ornamental work. ...ary of the high priced kinds and only ...package, at the druggists, or post-paid from ...RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

...anted for NAVAL BATTLES
...d Modern Graphic Pictorial History of Great Sea ...re World by Medical Director Shippen. ...Address J. C. McCurdy & Co., 631 Chestnut ...Philadelphia, Pa.

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TO
LADIES!
Now's your time to get up Orders for our CELEBRATED TEAS and COFFEES, and secure a beautiful HOSS GOLD-BAND CHINA TEA-SET ...our own importation. One of these beautiful sets given away to the party sending an ...b. This is the greatest inducement ever ...and in your orders and enjoy a cup of ...or COFFEE, and at the same time procure ...SOME CHINA TEA SET. No humbug. ...c., 35c. and 40c. per lb. Excellent ...and 60c., and very best from 65c. to 90c. ...oldest and largest Tea Company in the ...The reputation of our house requires ...e. We have just imported some very fine ...GRANITE DINNER SETS, 115 pieces, ...ve away with Tea and Coffee orders of ...wards. For full particulars address
GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
31 and 33 Vesey St., NEW YORK.

...Y RAPIDLY, selling our NEW BOOK
...AND GASLIGHT.
...thoroughfares, its rushing elevated trains, ...rible tragedies, its charities, and, in fact, ...ks, but send for circulars giving full table ...ly in great demand. Address
...enny Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

...rits came in through cracks ...keep them out was to plug ...on. Notwithstanding these ...own way and often came in
...keep it out of the keyhole ...crack, and lo! it comes from ...ne neglected drain, or from ...ion.
...we can give it battle and ...IRON BITTERS is taken in ...s is the great family medi... keep a bottle in the house.

Oxford County Advertiser.

VOL. 57. NEW SERIES XIV. NORWAY AND SOUTH PARIS, ME., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1883. NO. 38.

Oxford Co. Adveriser

F. W. SANBORN, Proprietor.

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Insurance and Real Estate Agent,
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DENTIST,
NORWAY, - - - - - MAINE.
☞Dr. C. A. Clark is with Dr. Jones.

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Particular attention paid to diseases of the Eye and Ear.

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Main Street, NORWAY, ME.
Money to loan on good security, at reasonable rates.
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J. T. ROWE,
New Hair Dressing Rooms,
NORWAY, ME.
Clean Shave and Stylish Cut. Main St.

GET YOUR MILK DAILY
—OF—
Benjamin Tucker's
MILK CART!
Good Milk and Honest Measure. If in want of milk, speak to the driver.

ELM HOUSE.
W. W. WHITMARSH, PROPRIETOR,
Norway, Me.
Good Stable connected with the house.

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HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER,
SHOP ON BRIDGE STREET,
Opposite the ADVERTISER Job Printing Office,
NORWAY, ME.

JAMES GRANT,
Painter of Carriages, Sleighs
WAGONS, ETC.
All work done as it should be, and at reasonable prices. ☞Over Libby & Mixer's shop, Cottage Street, Norway, Me.

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The
ODOMETER
Will Tell.
This instrument is no larger than a watch. It tells the exact number of miles driven to the 1-100th part of a mile; counts up to 1,000 miles; water and dust tight; always in order; saves horses from being over driven; is easily attached to the wheel of a Buggy, Carriage, Sulky, Wagon, Road Cart, Sulky Plow, Reaper, Mower, or other vehicle. Invaluable to LIVERYMEN, PLEASURE DRIVERS, PHYSICIANS, FARMERS, SURVEYORS, DRAYMEN, EXPRESSMEN, STAGE OWNERS, ETC. Price only $5.00 each. One-third the price of any other Odometer. When ordering give Diameter of the wheel. Sent by mail on receipt of price, post paid. Address
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2 North La Salle St., Chicago.
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Sells Carriage Dusters and Mats
HORSE NETS AND COVERS,
as well as all the standard articles in his line.
HARNESSES,
Sale and Custom made,
Whips, Trunks, Valises, Etc.
Shop and Store, Main Street,
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FULL WEIGHT ROYAL BAKING POWDER ABSOLUTELY PURE
BAKING
POWDER
Absolutely Pure.
This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

NORWAY BAKERY!
C. E. Rines,
Baker and Proprietor.
Hot Rolls, White and Brown Bread,
Cakes and Pastry,
EVERYTHING FRESH AND NICE.
The Cart will run through Norway and South Paris Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons. The team will collect Beans for baking Saturday afternoon. If in want of anything, speak to the Driver.

O. M. CUMMINGS,
Livery and Feed Stable,
NORWAY, ME.
Proprietor of Gipsy Queen.
Passengers conveyed to adjoining towns at reasonable rates.
☞Stable on Danforth Street.

DENNIS PIKE,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
HARD AND SOFT SOAP
Factory on Paris Street, Norway.
☞Ashes and Grease taken in exchange for Soap. If in want of Soap, speak to Mr. Pike, or drop him a postal card, and you will be promptly served.

L. L. Howard, Jr.,
Contractor of
CEMETERY WORK
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
Granite or Marble
MONUMENTS,
Borders, Tablets & Head Stones.
Polished Granite a Specialty.
VASES, LAWN GRASS SEED AND LOTS GRADED.
I shall make every effort in the future, as in the past, to give you first-class work at the lowest price. L. L. HOWARD, JR.
N. B.—No business done from sunset Friday until sunset Saturday.

PURE LAKE ICE!
SUPPLIED TO
Families, Stores, & Markets
BY
W. S. BENSON.
If you want ICE regularly, or irregularly, speak to Mr. Benson, or the driver of the Ice Cart. 20tf

A MAN
WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP THAT THE

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC R'Y
By the central position of its line, connects the East and the West by the shortest route, and carries passengers, without change of cars, between Chicago and Kansas City, Council Bluffs, Leavenworth, Atchison, Minneapolis and St. Paul. It connects in Union Depots with all the principal lines of road between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. Its equipment is unrivaled and magnificent, being composed of Most Comfortable and Beautiful Day Coaches, Magnificent Horton Reclining Chair Cars, Pullman's Perfection Palace Sleeping Cars, and the Best Line of Dining Cars in the World. Three Trains between Chicago and Missouri River Points. Two Trains between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, via the Famous
"ALBERT LEA ROUTE."
A New and Direct Line, via Seneca and Kankakee, has recently been opened between Richmond, Norfolk, Newport News, Chattanooga, Atlanta, Augusta, Nashville, Louisville, Lexington, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and Lafayette, and Omaha, Minneapolis and St. Paul and intermediate points.
All Through Passengers Travel on Fast Express Trains.
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At your nearest Ticket Office, or address
R. R. CABLE, Vice-Pres. & Gen'l M'g'r. E. ST. JOHN, Gen'l Tkt. & Pass. Agt.
CHICAGO.

JUDGE LYNCH AT HOME.

A WAY THEY HAVE OF DOING THINGS OUT WEST.

A Vivid Description of the Men who Compose a Lynching Party—They do the Work Silently and With Determination.

[From the Detroit Free Press.]

You may have seen a street riot. That is simply the outer circles of a whirlpool. A shower of brick-bats—a surge up and down—a dozen broken heads—a cry of "police?" and your crowd scatters like sheep, and slinks away like curs.

A mob sets out to resist the authorities. Nine out of every ten men in it are cowards. They boast and brag and encourage, but they keep their own bodies in the back ground. They want to see someone hurt, but they know that law will triumph, and they want to be able to prove that they were simply lookers-on. One brave man will walk into a mob and defy and over-awe it.

* * * * * * *

A brutal outrage has been committed. It is an affair that stirs the blood of sons and brothers and brings a dangerous light to the eyes of husbands and fathers. There is no boasting or shouting. Knots of men gather here and there, and they speak with fierce earnestness, but in low voices. No mob surges up and down—no wild yells rend the air—no cowards furnish drink to excite young men to foolish deeds.

"Lynch him!"

It is not shouted, but spoken in whispers or read in each other's eyes. Every man has obeyed the laws—every man would peril his life in aiding to enforce them, but there is a feeling that legal punishment does not always punish sufficiently.

"Lynch him!"

When men who never partake of a meal without bowing the head in prayer whisper those words, look out! The heart burns and thrills. For the time being law is nothing. Fathers whisper it to sons, brothers to each other, merchants to mechanics. Lips tighten and grow pale, teeth shut close, eyes flash as you never saw them before.

The knots of men swell into groups—the groups consolidate into a crowd. The leader takes his place, and instinctively the crowd realize that he is the proper person. Speeches and orations are not in order—ropes are!

See now! Teeth shut tighter as the crowd moves. Not a man would turn back from a loaded cannon. It moves ahead, but it swirls and hisses and gurgles like a river vexed by rocks. It is the whispers—the quick answers—the pale faces—which tell you what danger lurks in the crowd. A noisy crowd can be scattered. It will fall to pieces of itself. A silent body of men will take your life if every man has to peril his own.

It is the jail. Key or no key, the prisoner must come out. The crowd would have him if a score of grated doors had to be battered down. He does not plead for mercy. One look around him tells him that his life is hungered for with such intensity that prayers would be mockery. He may look up at the harvest moon and star-studded heavens, but he sees nothing. He is dazed and awed by the grim silence of the band.

"Halt!"

No voice commands, but here is the tree. The whirlpool stands still for a moment. Faces grow a little whiter, but the eyes of every man show a dogged determination that would blaze into desperation if opposed. The noose is rapidly adjusted, there is a falling back, and with a groan of terror and despair trembling on his lips the guilty wretch swings in the air. The creak of the limb—the calls of a night bird—the deep breathing of men—are plainly heard as the body swings to and fro or turns round and round as the death struggle goes on.

* * * * * * *

It is morning. Merchants are behind their counters, mechanics at the bench, sons at school. There is no sign that last night was not one of tranquility and peace. Men speak again, women and children laugh as they walk abroad—the cyclone has passed. The jail doors are being repaired—the tree no longer holds a corpse, and a stranger would look upon this face and that and whisper to himself:

"What good-nature I see in every line of their countenances! They are obedient to law and enforce the best of order."

Riots are the work of demagogues and boasters. Mobs are created by cowards. When men turn out with shut teeth and whispered voices to take the law into their own hands, Judge Lynch has opened court and sentenced a man to die.

A Curious Claim.

"You don't know how many curious claims against the Government are received," said the chief clerk of one of the department offices at Washington. "Here," he continued, holding up a good sized package, "are all these papers just about one man's body."

"How's that?" asked the reporter.

"Well, in 1862 an undertaker in Alton, Ill., buried an army officer in his vault in the cemetery there. In 1876 he wrote the department stating that fact and saying that we could have the remains upon the payment of vaultage at the rate of $5 per month for the time the officer had been buried. That amounted to $840."

"Did he get the money?"

"Not much. We wrote him that we were not buying, and the body might remain where it was. He then agreed to take half the amount, but we declined to pay anything. Now we have been informed that the undertaker has died and that the vault has come into the possession of the cemetery company, who desire to remove it to make some improvements, and they wish to know if the Government will remove the body to the military cemetery. This we will do.

"Does the company say anything about vaultage?"

"No, not at all; and they will probably make no claim. It would not be allowed if they should."

The Alligator Fever.

It beats all how a northern man does hanker to shoot an alligator just as soon as he gets beyond the Ohio river, and the further South he goes the stronger grows the feeling. It's a sort of "buck fever," and nothing will cure it except the gore of the reptile. A chap from Rhode Island went down to Biloxi from New Orleans with a party. Small alligators were plenty enough along the creeks and ditches, and every time the Clam State man saw one he almost kicked his boots off. He tackled everybody around Biloxi for an alligator hunt, and he finally paid a darkey $3 to drive him to a lake four or five miles away where the saurians were said to be numerous enough to crowd each other out of water. The boys had been over in the morning and fixed things. A rope was tied to either end of a water soaked log and led into the bushes, and no sooner had the hunter got down and discovered a movement in the water than he opened fire.

"Dat's yer game, boss," said the darkey as he seated himself in the shade, and the way that old log was bombarded was a caution. The man made eye shots and line shots, and dead shots, and after he had fired about twenty-five times he began to wonder why his game didn't turn toes up.

"Takes a heap o' lead, boss, but you is trubblin' him mighty bad," encouraged the darkey, and the bombardment was renewed with a determination to die in the last ditch. Pretty soon a man broke forth from the bushes to the left, and in a voice of authority called out:

"Shooting alligators out of season is an offense punishable by a fine of not less than $10."

"N-o-a!"

"How many shots have you fired?"

"Only thirty-nine."

"Shooting off a revolver in the State of Mississippi, except in self-defence, is a fine of $5 for each time! Have you a permit?"

"Permit for what?"

"To shoot at Col. Ford's alligators. If not he can recover damages not to exceed $500. Did you cross that field?"

"Yes."

"That's tresspass, and the fine is not less than $25. You must come with me!"

"But, sir— I—!"

"I will bring up my horse and buggy and you must go to the county seat!"

The "constable" started. So did Rhode Island. They went in opposite directions. The Rhode Islander came into Biloxi on a canter, settled his hotel bill without stopping to count the change, and picking up his satchel he dusted off along the railroad track as if called to a death-bed. When I found him in Mobile a few days later he had shaved off his whiskers and blackened his eye-brows. He also complained of a lame back and corns on his feet.

"Say!" says he as he carefully looked around for listeners, "If old Mississippi feels so stuck up over a few ponds and alligators and constables she can keep 'em and be hanged to her! I druther shoot a crow any time than an alligator!"

M. QUAD.

What Frightened a Diver.

"No. I was never frightened but once in my life, and you will laugh when I tell you how it happened. I have been in some mighty ticklish places, as you know, but I never knew before what kind of a feeling it was to have the cold chills run up my backbone, making my teeth chatter a thousand times a minute and my knees knock together like a pair of drumsticks." The speaker was T. S. Wilson, the submarine diver. The occasion was when he descended to find out what had caused the wreck of a large lake steamer. "When I reached fifty feet," he said, "I began to feel the pressure considerably. But this was nothing, for I had been below that depth a number of times. Sixty feet, seventy, eighty! Great Cæsar! where was I? It was darker than pitch, and I couldn't see an inch before the glass in my helmet. I thrust out my arms and touched something cold and hard, which seemed to be all around me. At first I imagined that I had gotten into a big hole in some way, but just what kind of a hole I couldn't say. I climbed up a little, but my cilindrical tomb still surrounded me. I climbed ten or fifteen feet further down, and it was the same. Stories of extinct species of immense and horrible sea sepents that were still found in the ocean began to float through my mind, and I felt my hair begin to rise a little as I thought that possibly I had gotten into one of their dens.

"'By the shades of my fathers, I must get out of here,' said I, and I yanked that signal rope to come up for all I was worth. Up I went, and when I was pulled up on the scow and my helmet taken off I was met with a loud burst of laughter from every side. 'What's the matter?' asked I, trying to look unconcerned. 'Oh, nothin', Tom, except we guess you got down the smoke-stack by mistake, didn't you?' said the other divers. I looked down at myself, and sure enough, I was caked over with soot from head to foot. 'Well, yes,' I replied, 'that ladder fell in the wrong place and I didn't find it out till I had gotten down a step or two. But hand her up,' said I, bravely, 'and we will try it again.' They suspected that I was a little scared, I guess, but I tried mighty hard to make them think differently. So, assuming an off-hand manner, I began the descent again. This time I steered clear of the smoke-stack and accomplished the task that had been assigned to me."

Subject to Delay.

They tell this story on a Chicago telegraph operator who was out on a strike. When he received the news that the strike was over he wanted to be the first to apply for a job, so he sent a dispatch from the part of town where he happened to be, to the manager, asking for a place, and he thought he had a soft thing. He did not appear at the office till the next day, and he laughed at the boys who were hurrying to get in. When he got there he found his dispatch had not arrived. It was subject to delay and mailing, and the place he wanted was filled.

THAT WINTER'S WOOD.

Bill Arp's Winter-wood Sentiments will be Appreciated by the Women Folks.

Now is the time to get up the winter's wood. The crop is laid by and there is no pressure of farm work and so I took three of the colored tenants and went to the woods to clear a little piece of new ground, and I and the little chaps made another band. I wanted them to pile up the big chips, but the little rascals found a high land tarrapin and it took 'em pretty much all the morning to investigate him and see how he shut up his doors and they would have to wait on him a half an hour to see him open and poke his head out of the front door and his tail out behind. In the evening they found an old stump about ten feet high with a hole near the top and they had to investigate that, and Carl climbed while Jesse pushed, and just as he got up to the hole a couple of flying squirrels came out and scared 'em so bad they both tumbled down in a bunch, and the squirrels sailed away to the foot of another tree and run up it, and then sailed away again to an old beech that was full of holes, and the little chaps hollered and whooped and throw'd sticks and chunks amazin', and now they are begging me to cut down the old beech and have just a lot of fun, and I reckon I will have to do it. Uncle Remus says that a tarrapin is a mighty slow traveler, and I always thought he was, but Jack Henderson says that that depends on how hungry he is. He says when he was a boy he saw a tarrapin take a running start and jump ten feet up a tree and catch a sap-sucker. Jack says we may believe it or not, just as we please, and I was grateful to him for that privilege. I overheard one of the old darkies singing a little song to the children, and he said:

De frog he jump and he jump and he jump,
But de tarrapin hide behind de stump
De rabbit he run aroun and aroun
But de tarrapin hide his head in de groun
De squirrel make nest in de forked lim,
But de tarrapin carry his house wid him.

I must get Uncle Remus after that nigger and have him investigated. Maybe he knows something about this sap-sucker business, and while these lawmakers are investigating the department of agriculture I would like for them to investigate Henderson on that.

Well, we cut wood and cut wood, and have got thirty cords piled up—ash, and hickory, and white oak, and beech, all mixed up; and we are going to have the biggest and hottest fires this winter you ever saw. I don't like to be stingy of wood; when company comes in of a winter night, and the cold wind is singing around, I want the wood handy and dry, and I can say, "Ralph, bring in another stick or two, and make the folks set round." I don't like for folks to have to crowd a fire. I want the fire to crowd them. The winter wood ought to be cut now, for it seasons right and will not burn soggy and black. The winter's light wood ought to be hauled in time, and split up and put away under cover. There is a power of comfort in plenty of light wood. The ash wood makes a pretty fire and burns free, but the hickory lasts the longest and throws out the most heat. The beech burns to a white ash like flour, and when you mix up oak with all these it is a luxury to to see the glowing embers dancing to a white heat underneath, and the children can pop their corn or roast their potatoes, or the good wife can make a pot of coffee on the trivet and toast some light bread and broil a steak over the coals, and we can sit round and get the odor and enjoy the prospect of good things that are soon to come. There are lots of comforts around an old fashioned fire in a farmer's home, and, so far as I am concerned, I am content with 'em.—*Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.*

A Singular Scene.

Louis Hartenstein and the young woman he was about to marry were before the altar in the Holy Trinity Church at New Orleans. The church was filled. While the priest was performing the ceremony a young girl with brown hair, wearing a neat calico dress, and carrying an infant in her arms, came up the aisle and laid the child upon the trailing veil of the bride. A disturbance arose. Some of those who had come to be witnesses to the ceremony denounced Hartenstein. The priest escorted the couple to his residence, and the brown-haired girl in calico was arrested on the charge of disturbing the peace. She was arraigned for trial a few days ago. Father Reichardt, the priest, testified that on the day on which the marriage was to take place the girl called on him and told him that she was going to the church. He advised her not to take that course, and she went away. Then he sent for Hartenstein and the young woman he was to marry. Hartenstein denied the truth of the girl's charge, and the young woman said that, notwithstanding the accusation, she would marry him. After other witnesses had testified and the lawyers had made their speeches, the Judge said that he would impose penalties to the full extent allowed by the law on any person who dared to disturb the peace of any church within his jurisdiction, but in this case it had not been proved that the accused girl had made any disturbance. The outcry had been made by the spectators, who were incensed at Hartenstein's conduct. "And," he went on, "the Court therefore discharges this poor, deceived, deserted girl. Hattie Scott, you may go."

THIS place is full of Osage orange-hedges. They surround most of the peach orchards—probably to keep people out. "Did you ever try to get over and Osage orange-hedge?" an old man asked me this morning. "No," I replied; "did you?" "Yes," he said, sadly; "I tried once—a long time ago." "Did, eh?" "Yes." "How long did it take you to get over it?" "How long did it take me to get over it?" said he, sadly. "How long did it take me to get over it?" And the old man looked over the landscape, and scratched himself, and continued: "How long did it take me to get over it? Why, I don't think I am quite over it yet."

STRANGE HOW IT GOT OUT.

The Village Secret That No One Knew and No One Told.

"Oh! by the way," exclaimed Mrs. Limbertung, suddenly changing the conversation, "you know that Flossing girl? Well, her brother, he that was sent to State prison four or five years ago, is out. I saw them together just now. I do hope that nobody 'll know that he's been in prison, for his sister's a good girl and she's dreadfully anxious that Tom 'll do well; and of course if it gets out, you know, that he's just out of prison, it'll be almost impossible for him to get anything to do. But, mercy! look at that clock! I declare I didn't know I'd been here so long. Good-by, Mrs. Smith; now do call, won't you?"

Mrs. Limbertung is next found at Mrs. Brown's.

"Oh! that reminds me!" she says, interrupting Mrs. Brown. "You know that Flossing fellow who got into trouble and was sent to State prison?"

"Yes."

"Well, he's out. He looks as though he wanted to do right now, and I hope for his sister's sake, if not for his own, that nobody will mention anything about his past life. It ought to be kept secret. Both of 'em have suffered enough, the land knows."

Mrs. Brown promises not to say anything about it, and Mrs. Limbertung goes out. On the street a block or two away she meets Mrs. Jones.

"Why, how do you do, Mrs. Jones? What a stranger you are! I have got some news for you. Fanny Flossing's brother's got home—what! you never heard of the Flossings. That's funny. Well, you see, Fanny's brother Tom stole a lot of money, four or five years ago—yes, and he got taken up and had to go to prison—strange that you never heard of it!—and Fanny's worried herself almost to death about him—Fanny is that pale looking girl in a chip hat you saw me talking with this morning—and she says if she can only keep it from getting out—it would be awful, you know, if folks should find out that there's a State prison bird in the village—she hopes Tom 'll get something to do. I pity her awfully, and I would not lisp it to a soul, would you?"

Mrs. Limbertung, in the course of the afternoon, meets or visits perhaps a score of her acquaintances, and to every one she relates the story of the Flossings, and repeats the hope that it won't get out. The story and the hope are carried into the grocer's and butcher's, and the hope and the story are left with the baker and the dry-goods dealer, and when Mrs. Limbertung lies down to sleep that night her last thoughts are upon the Flossings, and her last hope ere slumber overpowers her is that "it won't get out."

A day or two later she meets Miss Flossing.

"Why, what's the matter, Fanny?" she exclaims. "How pale you look! And, I declare! if you haven't been crying!"

"I can't help it!" says Fanny, breaking out anew. "Poor Tom!"

"Why, what's happened?"

"Nothing, only I've tried and tried, and Tom's tried, too; but it's no use. Nobody will hire him. Somebody has been around and told everybody about him, and it's no use, it's no use!" And Fanny's tears fall thick and fast.

"It's positively shameful!" exclaims Mrs. Limbertung, mingling her tears with Fanny's; "that's what I call it, positively shameful! I wonder who could have had the heart to do such a thing? I was in hopes that nobody would hear anything about it; and I did hope that Tom would do well—and I know he will, if he's given half a chance!"

And Mrs. Limbertung kisses Fanny, and again tells her to cheer up before saying good-by.

Mrs. Limbertung goes down the street wondering who could have told it, at the same time hoping—and sincerely hoping—that poor Tom will get a place, and Fanny and he will live "real happy" together.

But for the life of her she can't think "how it got out."—*Boston Transcript.*

Too Much For Them.

The keepers of bathing houses along the beach say that bathers are much afraid of sharks; but each is eager to aver that, while there may be some danger at other places, there is not any at his.

An Irishman, who had a beach wagon and did hauling for houses along the beach, entered a bathing house one morning, saying:

"Oh, Misther ——, oive got the foinest curiassitay of a fish for you that you iver saw. Oi was comin' doown this mornin' beyant, and found it dhruv up on the sand by the lasht night's storm, I suppose. You can have it for six dollars, an' it'll draw thousands here from New York to see it if you advertise it."

The bathing house keeper went out and saw, to his horror, an enormous shark that the Irishman had, with great difficulty, got upon his beach-cart. It looked to him, he says, as long as a circus tent centre pole, when he first saw it.

"Take it away! Take it away quick, before the crowd gets down from New York!" he screamed. "Take it away, or I'll drown you, kill your horse, and burn your wagon! I'll tell you what to do. There's a couple of Dutchmen who have just started a bathing place about a mile up the beach. They're new in the business. Take it up and sell it to them."

The Irishman adopted the suggestion, and the Germans actually paid him ten dollars for his prize and put it conspicuously upon free exhibition. It was a fortnight before they could understand why it was that of all the crowds that came to see their new place there were so few persons who cared to go into the water. When they realized that their great curiosity was a man-eater shark, one look at whose jaws would make a man want to hug dry land for the rest of his life, they very quickly buried the awe-inspiring "curiassitay."

WIT AND WISDOM.

A TRAMP called his shoes corporations because they had no soles.

IT is only the man with a pocketful of rocks who can afford to throw stones.

THE only thing left for Courtney is to row a race with Noah's ark.—*Philadelphia Times.*

THE Wall street sandwich—Bull on one side, bear on the other, and a little lamb in the middle.

ADAM is said to be the only man who never tantalized his wife about "the way his mother used to cook."

MANY a man spoils good fortune by grumbling because it is not better. God sends the corn, but the devil makes a hole in the sack.

"IT IS a rule at my table," said an old settler to his guest, "that each one shall wipe his knife on his plate before sticking it into the butter-dish."

PROFESSOR: "If you attempt to squeeze any solid body, it will always resist pressure." Class smiles and recites examples of exception which prove the rule.

A BOSTON religious weekly feelingly asks: "Why do flies bite so much worse in church than anywhere else?" Perhaps it is because you are always too sleepy to fight them off.

A FOREST fire in British Columbia exploded a powder mill. Every pane of glass in a village near by was broken, and everybody exclaimed: "Why, have the schools opened again?"

MRS. FARGO, the widow of the millionaire expressman, has married a newspaper writer. If every rich widow would take this precaution in marrying a man accustomed to handling large sums of money, much trouble might be prevented.

A LITTLE girl admitted to her mother that her little boy sweetheart had kissed her on the cheek. "And what did you do?" asked the old lady, in a tone of indignation. "Mother," said the child, "I cannot tell a story; I turned the other cheek."

THE latest "snake story" going the rounds of the press is headed, "A Young Lady Tightly Embraced by a Serpent." Such incidents are not rare. But the young lady doesn't know at the time that he is a serpent. Sometimes she doesn't discover the fact until after she marries him.

POORS'S wife remarked to him, as they started out the other night to take supper with the Browns, that she expected Mrs. B. would have a stunning coiffure. "Well, I'm sure I hope so," grumbled Poors; "I haven't had anything good to eat since the last time we were at mother's."—*Lowell Courier.*

BRINLEY is an eccentric chap and often does strange things, eminently philosophical, but queer, you know. And so it was that, upon becoming engaged to be married, he presented the young lady a ring, on the inside of which was engraved the motto "In time of peace prepare for war."—*Lowell Citizen.*

SHE was from Toronto, says the Buffalo *Express*, and was speaking ardently of her home. "You've no idea," she said, "how the Dominion towns are growing." "Oh, I think I have," replied the Buffalo friend. "Able class of people, too. Read every day of lots of bank cashiers and the like gone over there to stay."

WHEN a vulgar man becomes rich and his family governs society, a great fuss is made if his daughter marries her father's coachman, although society said nothing when the girl's mother married the girl's father, because the father was a barkeeper then and had not struck his bonanza. Society is very unreasonable, and is always turning up its nose in the wrong place.

THIS employing college students for table waiters at summer hotels makes trouble. You see girls have very little discrimination at times, and when a young lady is introduced to a youth whose father may be worth $1,000,000 and she learns that he is a collegian, and asks, "Oh, were you waiting on table at the Spray Cliff House last summer?" it makes a very embarrassing situation.

WHEN a young man becomes impatient waiting half an hour for his girl, who left the room with the remark that she would "be ready in two minutes," he should not manifest his uneasiness, but let his mind revert to the stock of patience exhibited by the physician who counted the holes or cells in the human lungs and discovered that the whole number was 174,000,000.—*Norristown Herald.*

A LITTLE fellow, some four or five years old and who had never seen a negro, was greatly perplexed one day when one came by where he and his father were. The youngster eyed the stranger suspiciously till he had passed, and then asked his father: "

Oxford County Advertiser.

[Entered as Second Class mail matter.]

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1883.

The West Oxford Cattle Show will be held at Fryeburg Oct. 9th, 10th and 11th.

The woolen mills at Kezar Falls shut down Tuesday for repairs and improvements.

The Thorn Bros. and Hiram Seavey of Brownfield are busy repairing their dams at the Red Mill and Old Tannery privileges.

Miss M. F. Holmes will receive a limited number of young girls at her "Hillside Home School," Willow Brook Farm, Oxford, Me. This school will begin Sept. 25th, and special care will be given pupils under her instruction.

Hon. Hannibal Hamlin has signified his intention of presenting to Paris, his native town, a fine town clock, which he desires to have placed in the Baptist church, Paris Hill. A parish meeting has been called for Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock, to see what action the parish will take in the matter.—*Democrat.*

Cyrus Scribner of Casco has quite a curiosity in the shape of a hornets nest. This nest is built on a window between the window and the blind, and extends outside the blind. You can see through the glass in the nest, and in the evening should you carry a light in the room and tap on the window, hundreds of hornets will cover the glass.

Ballou's Magazine for October contains a remarkable list of contents. Besides "The Belle of Australia," by William H. Thomes, there are some thirty different stories and poems, in addition to illustrations and humorous matters, household and ladies' work. We see it announced that, as soon as "The Belle" is finished, the author, Mr. Thomes, will commence a new story, the first chapters of which will appear in the January number of Ballou's, and which will be entitled "On Sea and Shore, or California in the years 1843, '44, and '45." 23 Hawley St., Boston.

Peterson's Magazine for October comes to us, and more beautiful than ever. The principal steel-engraving, "An Ignominious Flight," is one of the most popular pictures of the last Paris Salon. There are two sheets of colored patterns, with eight different designs. Then there are some fifty wood-cuts, illustrating fashions, and work-table patterns of every kind. That charming novelet and love-story, "A Fifth Avenue Romance," is finished, and a new and thrilling one, "The Mystery of the Brocken," began. Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Frank Lee Benedict, etc., make up other contributors. 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The October *Atlantic* is specially notable as containing an essay from the unpublished manuscripts of Ralph Waldo Emerson. It is entitled "Historic Notes of Life and Letters in Massachusetts," and though it was evidently written a number of years ago, it is thoroughly characteristic and exceedingly interesting. Two chapters of "A Roman Singer" and of "Newport" continue and increase the interest of these two excellent serial stories. A very timely article is one on "Volcano Studies" by Horace D. Warner. The leading short story of the number is an East Tennessee story, "A-Playin' Old Sledge at the Settlemint," and a very pleasant story is "Pere Antoine" by Davida Coit. William Chauncy Langdon contributes the first of a series of "Recollections of Rome during the Italian Revolution." Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

SUPREME COURT.

The September term began at Paris the 18th inst. Hon. W. W. Virgin, Justice; Albert S. Austin, esq., Clerk; James S. Wright, esq., County Atty.; Jordan Stacy, esq., Sheriff; W. A. Barrows, Messenger; Rev. J. E. Cochrane, Chaplain.

A new Grand Jury has been summoned.

The following Venires for Grand Jurors have been returned:

Bethel, Alfred W. Valentine.
Brownfield, John G. Marston.
Byron, Stephen Taylor.
Canton, Albert K. Foster.
Denmark, James A. Haley.
Fryeburg, William Gordon.
Gilead, Moses M. Mason.
Hanover, Isaac Bagnall.
Hartford, J. W. Libby.
Lovell, Isaac Eastman.
Norway, C. R. Witt.
Oxford, Morris Clark.
Paris, Napthali Mason.
Rumford, Jere H. Martin.
Sumner, Asa Keene.
Woodstock, Joseph H. Davis.

The following Traverse Jury Venires have been returned:

Albany, Samuel Gumptill.
Andover, J. H. Bailey.
Bethel, Albert S. Whitman.
" Seth Walker.
Buckfield, Virgil P. DeCoster.
Brownfield, John S. Perkins.
Canton, James S. Reynolds.
Fryeburg, Henry Walker.
Greenwood, Willard G. Whittle.
Hartford, L. R. Watson.
Hebron, Persian V. Everett.
Mexico, J. W. Richards.
Norway, C. N. Tubbs.
" Alvin R. Frost.
Oxford, Samuel P. Stewart.
Paris, Samuel D. Marshall.
" Lemuel B. Carter.
Peru, James E. Washburn.
Rumford, James S. Moore.
Sumner, Wallace Ryerson.
Stoneham, Frederick J. Evans.
Stow, James Irish.
Sweden, Elden Brown.
Waterford, Freeman Manson.
Woodstock, Herbert C. Bacon.

About Scythe Snaths.

The first turned scythe snath that I ever saw, or that ever was in this town (Otisfield) to my knowledge, my older brother bought of a Mr. Wight of Raymond for one dollar, there was nothing but the snath. Oliver Spurr, a young man of my brothers age pleaded for his father to buy him one, but his father utterly refused, saying it was impossible to turn a snath that would hang a scythe so well as one you could cut in the woods. Those were the days that tried men's constitutions if not their souls.

I recollect on a rainy day of crossing old uncle Peter Wardwell's field in haying time. He was the grandfather of Jonathan Wardwell, now on the same farm. I saw the old gentleman's scythe and four besides, that belonged to his sons, all hanging in a willow tree. The snaths were all the work of nature, and that too, in one of her most uncouth freaks. D. SCRIBNER.

ANDOVER.

News items are somewhat scarce.

The recent frosts have done considerable damage in this vicinity.

Summer boarders are leaving, but still there are enough here to make things lively. Travel to the lake for fall fishing is quite good.

The quickest time made over the Lake road the past season was made one day last week by Mr. A. W. Thomas. Time, 4 hours and 20 minutes.

The village schools commenced last Monday—the large room under the tuition of Mr. Corson; the small, Mrs. Corson.

The ladies of the M. E. Society gave an ice-cream festival at the town hall, last Thursday evening. Literary exercises furnished. C.

ALBANY.

Ambrose and Eugene Wardwell from Birmingham, Conn., have been home to visit their parents and a dear sister who is very low in consumption.

John Flint from Conn. is at home on a visit.

Eliot Sperry and his family have made a short visit among their old neighbors and friends. Twenty-five years ago they moved from this place to California, where they are doing a large business in wheat growing. Mr. Sperry raised this year eleven thousand bushels of wheat and his son raised forty thousand.

Mrs. Haskell, who has spent the summer here has gone to Birmingham, Conn., to live with her son.

Mr. John Cummings, our oldest citizen is quite sick.

Mrs. Eben Upton is quite feeble and low with dropsical trouble.

Henry Wilber is just carrying his sweet corn to Bethel. He has an excellent crop, not injured by the frost. Others on our high ground have escaped the frost and are getting good corn.

Mrs. Rensalaer Foster and two sons from Denver, Colorado, are visiting at Mr. Daniel Clark's. H.

BETHEL.

Messrs. Woodbury & Purrington have moved into their new store and must find it very much more convenient than the old one, beside saving rent.

The death of Moses T. Cross last week makes another vacancy in the ranks of our old residents. He was 77 years old, and a worthy citizen.

Arrived here last Saturday, Mr. Wm. C. Harris, editor of the *American Angler*, from New York, accompanied by his wife on their way to the Rangely Lakes. Also Mr. Walter M. Brackett, the fish artist and wife, and John Mead of Bridgton, the fish painter.

BUCKFIELD.

J. F. Decoster, medical student, has gone to New York City to attend lectures.

Geo. Decoster had three fingers shot off by the bursting of a gun, while shooting at a squirrel.

Miss Smith is teaching the Mountain district school.

Miss Hattie Clifford is teaching school in the Cole district.

BOLSTER'S MILLS.

Charles E. Stuart, of Bolster's Mills, is attending court in Portland as juryman.

Mrs. Bradford, of Woodford's Corner, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Rebecca Knight, at this place.

DIXFIELD.

About ten new scholars at the Academy.

Dick Martz the veteran showman gave an entertainment at National House Hall Saturday night.

N. H. Brackett and J. P. Edmonds took their horses to the State Fair at Lewiston this week.

Mrs. W. W. Smith and Mrs. G. G. Richardson went to Dover to attend the Granite State Fair last week. H.

J. O. White, of East Dixfield, furnished the Lewiston market with 18 head of home-bred steers recently. They were saved for the State Fair, and the nicest hind quarter, streaked with fat, was the one from which Gov. Robie was expected to dine.

DENMARK.

Lieut. S. Tolman met with a severe accident Wednesday, 5th inst., in the clothes-pin mill. He was fixing some machinery, when his axe caught a rope above his head, brining it down with full force upon his head, making a very bad, but we are glad to learn, not dangerous, wound.——Mr. J. Alexander caught his finger between his cart and wheel, and now he has three.—*News.*

FRYEBURG.

It is not very pleasant to betray to the world the lack of something, call it what you may, which inhabits Fryeburg. For quite a long time we have heard considerable comment on the way "Weston's bridge" was repaired. It certainly is very annoying to ride across a bridge with pieces of plank three or four feet long spiked on top of the floor of the bridge. It may be economy, but surely cannot be policy to have a public highway repaired in such a manner.

The Academy is being re-shingled, which it has needed for a long time.

The Warren block is receiving a new coat of paint.

While one of Mr. Post's men was digging holes to set out fruit trees, a skeleton was unearthed about two feet from the top of the ground. The teeth were very regular and sound, and from all appearances never had to visit a dentist. The body was lying east and west and is supposed to be that of an Indian.

Rev. Dr. Mason tendered his resignation as pastor of the Congregational church Sunday last. It was a surprise to all, and it is not known whether his resignation has been accepted or not.

Samuel Evans started Wednesday morning for San Saba, Texas. He goes on to a sheep ranche.

OXFORD.

On Friday Louie N. Edwards met with a bad accident, while at work in the woolen mill. Wishing to scrape some yarn off a bobbin, he placed one end against his breast, and went to scraping towards him in his usual energetic way. His hand slipped in some way and he plunged the knife, the whole length of the blade into his abdomen, about one inch above his right lower rib. The doctors say the blade penetrated his liver, but other opinions are that it went in slanting, and hit the lower rib.

GREENWOOD.

Cyrus Small died Friday, Sept. 14th, with cancer. He was a kind husband and father, a good neighbor and townsman. He leaves a wife, three sons and two daughters to mourn his loss. Funeral Sunday at one o'clock, p. m., at the M. E. Church in this place, Rev. Whitman and Benson officiating.

Ransom Cole's boy who had his right arm shattered so badly last week by the discharge of his gun, is doing as well as could be expected. I learn the doctors think there is a prospect of saving his arm, although a bad break. His right eye that was thought to be ruined is likely to be saved.

Andrew Richardson, foreman on our town farm, dug potatoes two days and dug ten bushels. He did not say he picked them in a coffee pot and poured them out of the nose, but I thought he might by what he said about the size of them. Does this look like a large yield of potatoes? W. H. Martin is digging his potatoes, and they are nearly as large as filberts. Mr. Editor, when we can't or don't get a good crop of potatoes in Greenwood, it is no use to talk big crops all over the country.

I learn that Abner D. Bryant is very slim, partially losing the use of his lower limbs.

Mr. Charles Young and his daughter Mrs. John Whitman of West Paris have gone to Mass. on a pleasure trip. This is the first time he has left his family to be gone over night for 14 yrs. JOHN TOPSHAM.

HARTFORD.

Hartford, one of the most independent towns in Maine, has voted, after owing it more than thirty years, to sell the Poor farm. Only one old lady and a brother and sister who have passed middle age are to be provided for. All of them earn their living.

The first building, erected at Hartford Cold Spring for bottling table water, ginger ale, etc., has been placed, under the management of Capt. Libby of Hartford, on the new building erected for that purpose, which gives seventy feet front, from which one of the best views of mountain scenery, including Mt. Washington, that Maine affords is seen.

Esra Keen of Hartford is building the best barn in the Line school district. Capt. Libby of Hartford is master workman.

Since I have lived in Hartford I have known two places where grist mills, two where saw mills, four where shingle mills and other mills were propelled by water. After the railroad track across Hartford Center pond was about ready for the iron, three and a half feet, which destroyed an excellent water privilege, long known as Hall's Mills, and proving to be a great damage to East Sumner water power. Although the railroad is proving now a great blessing to Hartford, it is believed the water privilege might have been saved, and the almost unlimited supply of wood near the railroad track, might be converted into useful articles and Hartford Center might have grown with the railroad's growth. Not one wheel is now turned by water in town. In time the water privilege may be regained. HARTFORD.

LOVELL

Mr. and Mrs. John Dennett from Saco have been in town a few days visiting their relatives.

Mr. Fernando Tarr has sold his farm to Perley Hartford.

Mr. H. G Small and two sons from Rumford, and Miss Evans from Bangor are visiting at J. S. Small's.

Mr. F. Kimball has bought back the store of McAllister & Bros.

There was a fierce fight in Lovell a few days ago between a man and a boy which resulted in a bruised face and a bitten ear.

The following is the family record of the children of Bezaleel and Elizabeth Kendall: Ruthey, born Apr. 21, 1779; Eunice, Nov. 17, 1781; John, Jan. 9, 1783; Betsey, Apr. 8, 1785; Abigail, Apr. 24, 1887, died 1795; Uzziah and Bezaleel, Aug. 8, 1789; Mary, Apr. 25, 1791; Joshua, Aug. 21, 1793; Joseph, May 15, 1796; Abigail, Feb. 15, 1798; Wesley, Oct. 28, 1801; Fletcher, March 4, 1804.

Speaking of enterprising farmers, we have some in Lovell. Mr. Hadley Keniston is a young and prosperous farmer. He has raised 22 bushels of wheat from less than an acre of ground and he has an excellent field of corn and a large field of potatoes. He cut about 16 tons of hay and has a fine Orchard which is looking nice for the season. He also has a hog ten months old that can't be beat in town and also a fancy pair of working oxen and he is a good teamster.

I wish to speak of a smart old couple we have in Lovell, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Whitehouse. Mr. Whitehouse is 70 years old and Mrs. Whitehouse is 67 years old. Uncle John, as he is called, is a funny "old fellow," he can sing songs, enjoys a hearty laugh, and if occasion calls can trip the light fantastic toe for the amusement of the young people. His helpmate, aunt Sally, as we call her, is as straight as at sixteen, with sparkling black eyes. She works with her husband from early spring till late in the fall on the farm, and when the snows of winter come she can be seen busy with her wheel and loom making cloth for home use. They are a hard working and industrious old couple. ELGEVA.

PORTER.

Saturday, the 15th inst. we had a gentle refreshing rain. Sunday it was very warm for the season, the glass stood at 80 in the shade.

The farmers in this section are busy about their harvesting and report crops as coming in very well.

Jeremiah Pugsley raised 120 bushels of potatoes from about 12 bushels planted. He has a beet growing in his garden which measures 28 inches around the top where it protrudes from the ground. He will also have a nice crop of onions.

Mr. Eben Norton's onions will be almost an entire failure. He usually raises from three to four hundred bushels each year.

Mr. Calvin Pugsley made us a very pleasant call before his return to Belmont, Mass., subscribed for the ADVERTISER and paid for it one year in advance. Good luck to you Calvin, we are sure your head is level. His sister, Miss Millie M. and his brother, Ulyssess S. Pugsley go with him to spend a couple of weeks in Boston and vicinity visiting their relatives.

Miss Nellie M. Durgin returns to Steep Falls to-day, Monday.

Mrs. David E. Bean of Brownfield and her daughter Avilda V. were guests at E. T. Hartford's Saturday and Sunday.

The crowning event of last week was the serenading of Elder Ivory Kennison of Parsonsfield and his bride, Mrs. Catharine Scribner of this town. They were married the 12th inst. at Mrs. Scribner's house, and Friday eve about 30 of their friends and neighbors called on them. They were very cordially received by Mr. and Mrs. Kennison. Refreshments in abundance were passed around, after which the Elder made an appropriate prayer. The crowd then gave three cheers for the newly married couple and very quietly dispersed, much pleased with the evening's entertainment. Mr. K. is 70 years old and his wife not far from the same age.

As they pass downward on the journey of life,
We hope they will have neither sorrow nor strife.
May their cares be less, and their burdens be light;
Their hopes of the future glorious and bright.

The "Hub" correspondent will receive attention next week; in the mean time I hope he will bear in mind, A patient waiter is no loser.

NORTH PARIS.

It has been a good season for bee keepers. W. W. Dunham started last spring with 17 swarms and has increased to 60, mostly by natural swarming. A large increase and a large yield of honey is seldom obtained; but Mr. D. has taken 396 lbs. of comb honey and 197 lbs. of extracted, making 593 lbs. He reports his bees as now working on honey dew, secreted on the leaves of bass-wood trees.

Miss Hattie Lawrence, daughter of Mr. Cummings Lawrence, who has been sick some time with consumption, died last Friday and was taken to Albany, Sunday, for burial.

We had a Swedenborgian sermon last Sabbath from the Rev. Mr. David of Bridgton; also a lecture in the afternoon on the Bible and its interpretation.

The late frosts have been the hardest for this season of the year ever known by the oldest inhabitants, killing the corn high up on the uplands and doing a vast amount of damage.

SWEDEN.

Mrs. Dorcas Nevers died last Friday morning, aged 88 years, 19 days—the oldest person in town. She joined the Congregational Church in her youthful days and has ever since been a devoted christian. The leaves one son, James M. Nevers, to mourn the loss of a fond mother.

E. L. Eastman, after a sharp contest with agents of South American and Mason & Hamlin Organ Co.'s, has succeeded in selling to Mr. B. Stone of Bridgton, a Standard organ. Parties able to judge think Mr. S. made a wise selection.

NAPLES.

Being a farming community, we are interested in the crop prospect. An excellent hay crop was gathered and grain has turned out well; of other things, we cannot speak so favorably. The apple harvest will be very light. On account of frost and drougth, corn, beans and potatoes will not be what farmers anticipated six weeks ago.

Miss Ora Treadwell met with a severe accident last Saturday p. m. While going down the Cannell hill the horse she was driving fell down and threw her out over the dasher and over the horse. She was taken up insensible. One arm was broken, one elbow put out of joint and one knee badly hurt.

MECHANIC FALLS.

Mrs. Hezekiah C. Cushman whose sickness was noticed in the last ADVERTISER, died Sunday morning, aged 46 years, 4 months.

The annual meeting of Mason's Mutual Relief Association of Mc. Falls will be held in Mason's Hall, Oct. 4th at 10 a. m.

Cobb's Hotel is having a good run of business as well as the boarding house kept by W. C. Bridge, who has all the boarders that he can accommodate.

Mr. Z. A. Moulton is getting his goods set up in his new store, and in a few days will have an opening, Sept. 27th, when the best display of dry and dress goods ever shown here may be seen.

Mr. Dudley Holt who has purchased wood for the Paper M'f'g Co. for ten years past, has left the employ of that firm and we understand is to purchase a farm and settle down to a quiet life. We wish him success and prosperity.

The Asa Cushman nine of Auburn, beat our Stars, 12 to 4 last Saturday.

PARIS—District No. 3.

George Dunham and bride who have been stopping at Edmund Curtis' have returned to his home at Chelsea, Mass.

George Pike, lately of Gilead, is at work on the farm of the late Joseph L. Libby.

Ulysses G. Wheeler, a graduate of the class of 83, at North Bridgton, returned from the White Mountains last week. He will enter Bates College this fall.

SUMNER.

The sound of the builder's hammer is heard here in one direction and another. A crew of six or eight has been employed of late on the new Congregational church, and it is fast approaching completion. Members of the Baptist society have organized a parsonage association and purchased the "Briggs stand," so-called, at the "Corner," lately occupied by Mr. Sidney Mank, on which they are making extensive repairs, while Mr. Mank is building a house for himself on the valley road. —*Argus.*

Written for the Advertiser.

Retrospective.

Memory's tide doth bear me backward,
To the scenes of long ago,
And I hear my schoolmates voices,
And the Ossipee's gentle flow.
I can hear though silence reigneth
Voices from a far-off shore,
From the lips of some dear loved one,
Whom on earth I'll see no more.
I can see my pleasant schoolmates,
As I recall them one by one,
Seated in the pleasant school-room,
Full of merry jokes and fun.
Many, many miles now part us,
From each other here on earth,
As well as from the dear old school-house,
The former scene of joy and mirth.
Some have crossed the deep, dark ocean,
Seeking wealth in other lands,
Some have made themselves a homestead,
Joined them with hymenical bands.
Others still in blessed freedom,
Roam wherever pleasure leads,
With jewelled hands; to wisdom's fountain—
Up rugged steeps, through flowery meads.
Others rest in peaceful slumber,
'Neath the cold and heavy sod,
While above in fields of glory,
Dwell their spirits with their God.
Back to earth I'd not recall them
They've passed Death's turbid waters o'er,
And happy now with naught to harm them,
They wait for me on the golden shore.

L. S. L.

Gorham, Me., Aug. 6th.

My Trip to Portland and Peak's Island.

Greenwood, Sept. 4th, 1883.

DEAR ADVERTISER:—I will now tell you something about my trip to Peak's Island. One week ago last Wednesday I started for Portland on business, stopping in Portland the first night. Feeling obliged to stop one night more I concluded to visit my old friends on this beautiful island.

The next morning I started for the island. I soon arrived at the wharf where the steamer Gazelle was waiting for a good looking cargo of live stock. I stepped aboard and we were soon on our way down the harbor. We passed three three masted schooners and one four masted, something I never saw before, also two man of war ships, belonging to N. S., very large ones I should say. I did not learn their names. We soon landed at Jones' landing, at the west end of the Island.

The first man I called on was Father Abraham. He owns and keeps the mineral spring house, named thus on account of having running water in his hotel from a living spring. I was told that Father Abraham was doing a good business, a fact that I believed by his smiling face, sometimes terminating into a broad grin.

Next I called on Capt. Charles Parson and his nice wife. I found the Capt. spreading lard as usual, in other words paint. After having a good laugh over the lard question I was invited into the house to see the Capt. wife, one of the nicest women in the world. This aged couple are living alone, their only son being a pilot for the English Steamships when they arrive on our coast, in and out of the harbor. Capt. Parson and wife have seen seventy summers or more. Here I was urged quite hard to take dinner. I had to decline on account of being obliged to make a flying visit.

I next called on W. S. Trefethen and wife, where I worked some six years when I was a young man, and here they own and run the Montreal House. They have a nice house and well managed. They are working hard day and night while summer travel last. I saw all of their family except their only son, who was away on a fishing trip.

I next called on Capt. Josiah Sterling, aged 76 years. I knocked at the door. "Come in," says the Captain. I stepped in and the Capt. said, "I knew you as quick as you poked your nose into the door." I suppose on account of the length. Capt. Sterling has a nice place, a splendid view. He took me to Evergreen landing where one of his sons manages a saloon or eating house, bowling alley, skating rink, etc., etc. A splendid place this is for summer parties. The Capt. has some 10 to 20 cottage houses on his land owned by different parties. They pay $8.00 rent each for the use of land, one dollar for rent of canvass tent each for each season. Here I took tea and was urged to stay all night, but having agreed to stop with W. S. Trefethen, I declined. After tea I ascertained that Capt. Sterling, daughter and granddaughter who lives with him were going to the theater at the west end of the Island. Of course I was going, and I went in their company up the Island and back. I felt proud walking in company with those two young ladies. May be I was prouder of my company than they of theirs. However I felt well enough and to all appearances they did.

Now I will say to my country friends if you want to enjoy yourself in the summer months, go to Peak's Island, and there you can catch rock cod and cunners standing on the rocks by the basketful, if the basket isn't too large. C. M. B.

Open Again!

I take pleasure in announcing to the public of Norway and vicinity, that I have purchased the stock of goods owned by the late

JOHN F. FITZ,

and shall continue the business at the same stand, where may always be found a full stock of FIRST-CLASS GOODS, consisting in part of

Choice Fruit!
CONFECTIONERY,
Nuts,
Pipes,
Tobacco & Cigars,
Canned Goods,
Of all Kinds!
Fancy Groceries!
Crackers,
Pickles,
Salt and SMOKED FISH!
Flavoring Extracts, Jellies,
SPICES,
Choice Teas and Coffees, Etc.
Ice Cream, Lemonade, &c., in their season.

OYSTERS by the quart or gallon. Raws, Fries and Stewes served up on short notice.

LUNCHES at all hours. A fresh supply of Fruit, Confectionery, &c., being constantly received.

All orders promptly attended to. Terms strictly cash, or goods exchanged for produce in my line. Goods guaranteed all right, and at bottom prices.

Good Eating Apples Wanted!

C. H. NOBLE, Norway, Me.
Formerly with Noyes' Drug Store.

Pianos & Organs
OF ALL KINDS,
For sale, by
A. J. NEVERS,
Norway, Me.

If you are thinking of buying a Piano or Organ, you will learn something to your advantage by calling on me at the Post Office. (eow)

Try One!

DON'T FAIL to try a 10 cent box of CREAM TOILET SOAP. Sold at Noyes' Drug Store, Norway, Me.

Fall Stock for 1883.
Room Papers
—AND—
Window Shades.

Our stock for the Fall trade is now in, consisting of

Papers in Browns, Buffs, Whites, Flats, Satins and Bronzes,
with BORDERS to match.

Window Shades IN ALL STYLES! Opaque Cloth, Holland and Paper, in all colors, by the yard.

Cord, Tassels, Rings, &c., &c. Spring Balances & common Fixtures.

Our stock is complete—our prices low.

S. L. CROCKETT,
Registered Apothecary,
Norway, Me.

A. P. BASSETT,
Deputy Sheriff,
Norway, Me.

All Business by mail promptly attended to. 1m38*

No. 8 Range, $15.00.

When in town, visit our store and see the bargains we are offering this season.

You can save from 5 to 20 per cent. by placing your orders with us.

NO OLD STYLE GOODS.
ALL THE LATEST PATTERNS!
AND
Every Stove & Range WARRANTED.

No Old Iron Used in our Goods!

Immense stock of FALL and WINTER GOODS coming in daily.

MASON BROTHERS,
Norway Block, - - - - - NORWAY, ME.

ORDER YOUR WINTER'S COAL!
DO IT NOW!
FURNACE, EGG & STOVE COAL
For Sale by
W. C. COLE, Norway.
Orders may be left at H. Cole's Jewelry Store.

BUY THE
HOOPER DOUBLE ACTING
FORCE PUMP!

It is the best, cheapest, and most powerful Pump made.

A FAIR OFFER!

I will put this Pump in, on trial for ten days, and if it does not prove satisfactory, I will remove it, free of charge.

I only ask a trial for this Pump.

For circulars or information, address

SEWELL AUSTIN,
Agent for Oxford County,
Norway, Me.

J. U. P. BURNHAM,
PHOTOGRAPHER!
Having got through Viewing,
Will now settle down to business at his Rooms on
Cottage St., NORWAY, Me.

If you wish perfect Cards or Cabinets, or other sizes; or if you wish an

Old Picture Enlarged.

Please call when in town.

SHALL BE AT MY ROOMS DURING THE FAIR.

All modern accessories. Can accommodate 25 persons at my place. Discount to families. J. U. P. BURNHAM.

S. RICHARDS, South Paris,
—OFFERS—
Solid Gold Watches for $25.00 to $50.00,
Warranted Good Time Keepers.
Silver Watches from $10.00 to $25.00.
Clocks, Jewelry & Silver Ware.
I can and will sell goods in my line as cheap as they can be bought in the city.
I can give you a bargain in Gold Watches.

MESSENGER'S NOTICE.

STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD, SS.—August 25th, A. D. 1883.

This is to give notice, that on the twenty-fifth day of August, A. D. 1883, a Warrant in Insolvency was issued out of the Court of Insolvency for said County of Oxford, against the estate of George A. Shurtleff of Paris in said county, adjudged to be an Insolvent Debtor, on petition of said debtor, which petition was filed on the twenty-fourth day of August, A. D. 1883, to which last named date interest on claims is to be computed;

That the payment of any debts and the delivery and transfer of any property belonging to said debtor, to him or for his use, and the delivery and transfer of any property by him are forbidden by law;

That a meeting of the Creditors of said Debtor, to prove their debts and choose one or more assignees of his estate, will be held at a Court of Insolvency, to be holden at the Probate court room, in Paris, in said county of Oxford, on the nineteenth day of September, A. D. 1883, at nine o'clock in the forenoon.

Given under my hand the date first above written. AUSTIN P. STEARNS, *Deputy Sheriff* as messenger of the Court of Insolvency, for said County of Oxford.

Administrator's Sale.

By virtue of a license from the Honorable Judge of Probate, I shall sell upon the premises, on Saturday the 6th day of October next, at 2 P. M., about 30 acres of land in that part of Waterford known as the Bisbee neighborhood; said land lying between Amos Flint's and Geo. Stone's; also twenty acres of Plains land easterly of the stage road leading from Rice's Junction to north Waterford, belonging to the estate of the late Albert Jewett.

Sale to commence on the first described piece. ALFRED S. KIMBALL, Admin'r.

Norway, Sept. 5, 1883. 3t 36

CAUTION!

Having made ample provisions for the maintainance, at my house in Dixfield, in the County of Oxford and State of Maine, for James Wyman and Hannah N. Wyman, his wife, I forbid all persons harboring or trusting them, or either of them, on my account, as I shall pay no debts of their contracting, or either of them, after this date.

Dixfield, Sept. 18, 1883.
LOUISA A. HOLMAN.
Witness, PETER HOLMAN.

Try Crockett's Yellow Dock Bitters.

O. K.
P:L:O:W:S!
THE BEST IN THE MARKET!!
Wins 1st Premium in Single and Double Team Plowing Matches at State Fair, 1882.
Warranted to scour in any soil and to give perfect satisfaction. Agents Wanted.
Manufactured by
F. C. MERRILL,
South Paris, Me.

THE BEST
COFFEE!
—AT—
Whitcomb
AND
Locke's.
THE BEST
TEAS
—AT—
Whitcomb
AND
Locke's.
THE BEST
SPICES
—AT—
Whitcomb
AND
Locke's.
All Groceries
Are Pure and Fresh,
—AT—
Whitcomb
AND
Locke's,
and are sold at the Lowest Prices.

GET YOUR
Boots and Shoes
AT
WHITCOMB & LOCKE'S!
A large stock to select from, and prices *the lowest*, at
WHITCOMB & LOCKE'S.
NEW LOT
CROCKERY!
AT
WHITCOMB & LOCKE'S.
Call and examine their goods.
CARPETING!
at
WHITCOMB & LOCKE'S.
The largest stock of general merchandize in Oxford County, at
WHITCOMB & LOCKE'S,
Norway, Me.

J. F. ALLEN
Offers a LARGE Assortment of
New Goods!
And has many special bargains in
Ladies' and Gents'
BOOTS!
Every Kind and Size and Quality,
FROM A
20 Cent Slipper to an
$8.00 BOOT!

REPAIR + WORK.
C. K. SMITH, of So. Paris, has charge of this department, and all work will be done in the best manner and at reasonable prices.

I AM NOW OFFERING A
LARGE + LOT
—OF—
Mason's Improved Glass Top
Fruit Jars!
1 qt. 10c. 2 qts. 12 1-2 cts.
—ALSO—
Wire Screen Cloth, Spring Hinges, Balloon Fly Traps,
AND ALL SEASONABLE GOODS IN THE
Hardware, Stove and Tin Ware Trade.
THE
ADAMS & WESTLAKE
WIRE GAUZE NON-EXPLOSIVE
Oil Stoves!
Are the Safest and Best.
Give them a fair trial, and then buy the BEST!
Sold by
J. O. CROOKER,
Norway, Me.

Oxford County Advertiser.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1883.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.
Room papers—Crockett's Drug Store.
Fruit, etc.—C. H. Noble.
Deputy Sheriff—A. P. Bassett.
Stoves and Ranges—Mason Bros.
Caution.

NORWAY AND VICINITY.

Send us all the local news.

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O. K.
CO:W:S!
IN THE MARKET!!
Gum in Single and Double
Matches at State Fair,
1882.
scour in any soil and to give
tion. Agents Wanted.
by
MERRILL,
Paris, Me.

HE BEST
FFEE!
—AT—
comb
AND
Locke's.
HE BEST
EAS
—AT—
comb
AND
Locke's.
HE BEST
PICES
—AT—
comb
AND
Locke's.
Groceries
Pure and Fresh,
—AT—
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GET YOUR
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AT
TCOMB & LOCKE'S!
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NEW LOT
OCKERY!
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and examine their goods.
ARPETING!
at
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AM NOW OFFERING A
ARGE ÷ LOT
—OF—
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40c. 2 qts. 121-2 cts.
—ALSO—
Screen Cloth, Spring Hing-
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Dr. F. H. Tilton reached Nashua the 15th only to learn that his mother had died a few hours before his arrival. His coming was to see his brother, who is in a critical condition, and he did not know of her sickness. Mrs. Tilton died of paralysis of the heart. She was sick only six hours. Dr. Tilton has been called home five or six times in the last two years on account of sickness in his old home. Dr. and Mrs. Tilton will remain at their brother's bedside as long as they are needed.

There was a public installation of officers of Oxford Lodge, No. 18 F. & A. M. at Masonic Hall. Monday evening last. The District Deputy Grand Master was present and performed his duties to the satisfaction of all present. After the ceremony of installation, refreshments were served, and appropriate remarks were made by the Installing Officer, H. D. Smith, Irving Frost, T. S. Turner, A. B. Chase, C. F. Whitman, Mary L. Howe and others. There was a large number in attendance who went away much pleased with the exercises.

The monument which has just been erected to the memory of Wm. Frost, 2d, does honor to all concerned. The design was selected by his daughter Nellie, and the plan drafted and executed by L. L. Howard, jr. It is made of South Thomaston Granite and stands nine feet high. The name of Wm. Frost, 2d, is cut on the plinth, is a full block letter raised one half inch and polished. The die is all polished and is a rich looking stone. The caps, joints and the whole structure show first-class workmanship, and is of the finest material. This granite gives the best contrast we think of any yet put on the market. The markers are all polished and are of the same granite. Taken altogether we think it is one of the richest, if not the richest monument in the county.

Mr. U. H. Upton lost a valuable horse recently.

Mrs. Charles Pike visited friends in Lynn last week.

The G. A. R. quilt is being quilted this week in Grange Hall.

Mrs. Nelson Kent of Lynn, Mass. is visiting at Mrs. G. L. Reed's.

Boynton tries his hand this week at well-digging on Crescent St.

Mrs. J. F. Fitz is to move into Mr. Dinsmore's new house on Crescent St.

Fall stock of room papers and window shades at Crockett's Drug Store.

Charles Hayden has been home on a short vacation from Beverly, Mass.

Miss Nina I. Bradbury from Lynn, is visiting relatives and friends here.

There will be a social assembly at Masonic Hall, Waterford Flat, Friday evening, Sept. 28th. All are invited.

Miss Hattie Judkins, teacher in one of the primary schools at Bridgton, visited friends in town Saturday.

Remember C. S. Tucker keeps harnesses, whips, carriage mats, trunks, valises, etc., for sale at his store on Main St.

Mrs. E W. Howe went to a family reunion last week at her sister's at Reading, Mass. Mr. Howe joined her there last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry F. Dixie, assisted by Miss Julia Peck Blaisdell, will give one of their charming entertainments of mirth and melody at Norway Hall, Fair week.

Harry Lane has just returned from Boston. He has bought a large stock of new goods at so low figures that he is able to make up and sell clothing cheaper than ever before.

The usual speakers spoke at the temperance meeting last Sabbath, there was also singing by Misses Mamie and Hattie Grant and select reading by Miss Lilla Ames.

Mrs. Dr. Tilton went to Nashua, N. H. Thursday of last week to visit the doctor's brother, O. B. Tilton, who is very sick with brain fever, the doctor's business being such he could not leave.

The Oxford Co. Association of Universalists meets in Livermore Sept. 26th and 27th. Prof. Stanford Mitchell of Boston will be there to sing, and large, good meetings are expected.

George L. Warren of Waterford, had stolen from his stable on the night of Sept. 13th, a dark sorrel mare, eight years old, weighing about 850 lbs. Fifty dollars will be paid for return of mare.

Mr. S. S. Williams of Augusta has canvassed Norway for two or three days for the *Gospel Banner*, and has had splendid success, much more than doubling the list, so that now more *Banners* will come to Norway than to any other place of its size in Maine.

Rev. Mr. Pratt of Bridgton preached at the Universalist Church last Sabbath. He gave a lecture in the evening to a large audience who were much pleased with the treatment of his subject. Mr. Pratt is much liked as a preacher in this vicinity.

The "North Waterfords" played a game of base ball with a Norway picked nine last Saturday afternoon on the Fair Grounds, between Norway and South Paris. The score stood 49 to 20 in favor of the "Waterford's."

There will be sold at public auction at the residence of the late Ansel B. Davis in Dixfield West Village, Wednesday, Oct. 3d, at 10 o'clock, a. m., a general assortment of household furniture and farming tools, wood, lumber and stone tools.

Don't keep a fire all day Saturday to bake beans and brown bread when you can get your beans baked at Rines' the bakers, and get nice brown bread of him for only ten cents a loaf. He will bring them to your door every Sunday morning.

There was a tip-over on Main Street Monday. A couple tried to turn their team too short and turned the wagon upside down. The wagon was somewhat damaged, but they received no injury excepting a few scratches and bruises.

H. H. Williams of Jamaca Plains, Mass. is visiting relatives and friends in this vicinity. Mr. W. formerly lived in this village, but it has been some twenty years since he went away. He speaks of the many changes in the village since that time and of how much the village has grown.

The State Fair this year has been a decided success. The weather has been fair and not very warm and there have been thousands of people in attendance. There has been one of the largest displays ever made at the State Fair. We notice but very few entries from Oxford Co.

Fred Holmes has a night blooming cereus that has had seven blossoms, enough so he could break them off and give them to his friends. By the way, he gave the ADVERTISER office one, and it was very beautiful and fragrant. Thursday morning, of last week, three of the flowers bloomed out at about the same time, another in the forenoon, and the remaining three that night at about 11 o'clock. Quite a large party were present in the evening.

We see by the Daily *Times-Telephone* of Eureka, Cal. of Sept. 8th, that Fred H. Gibson, formerly of Norway, has passed from the ranks as teacher to the position of proprietor of the Vance House. It speaks of Mr. Gibson very highly as a teacher and says "that in connection with his years of service we have never heard an unkind utterance against him either on the part of parent or pupil." Mr. G., near the closing hours of the session of his school, was presented by his pupils with a handsomely-mounted double inkstand, a silver-surfaced pen rack, an ivory handled gold pen, and a gold pen, with holder elaborately chased in gold and silver.

N. W. Ayer & Son's American Newspaper Annual for 1883 contains a carefully prepared list of all Newspapers and Periodicals in the United States and Canada, giving the name of the paper, the issue, general characteristics, year of establishment, size, circulation, and advertising rates for ten lines one month. It gives the population of the United States, and of each state, territory, county and county-seat, the chief cities and towns, and nearly every place in which a paper is published; also information concerning their mineral deposits, chief agricultural products, principal manufactures, nature of surface and soil, location, area, etc. It contains information of such varied use, and value for general business purposes, simply arranged, easily referred to, carefully compiled,—it is, in fact, a model work of its kind. Price $3.00, carriage paid. Philadelphia, Pa.

A new plank sidewalk has been laid on Whitman St. Mr. Lord furnished the timber, and the men who live on the street did the work of laying the sidewalk. They nearly completed the walk Saturday afternoon, and would quite if they had not been hindered nearly an hour. It is a great improvement to the street, and adds not a little to the looks of the village, and also shows how much in the way of improvement a few may do in a short time. J. H. Devine bossed the job.

An unsuccessful attempt was made Sunday morning of last week, at two o'clock, to enter Dr. Tilton's house by a window in the rear of the ell. The wire screen and curtain were cut away and removed but the visitor finding himself faced by a demonstrative black bull dog, turned tracks and fled. This is the third time within a year that the attempt has been made. The first with success to that part of the house, the family being out, and quite a quantity of clothes taken.

During the Editor's absence, we take the opportunity of edging our bigness, or littleness, into the arena of the Local Department, being encouraged by the reappearance of the Hub Correspondent's antics in his celebrated arena—the bull pasture.

We have been in Norway but a short time, yet what we have seen of it, we know of few places of its size that stand ahead of it in business, wealth, morals, temperance or education. It contains three good churches, all of which maintain regular preaching services and are well attended. There are, besides, a number of Societies and Orders which we have not, as yet, undertaken to enumerate.

The few changes in our weather, lately, have given us one little comfort, at least, in changing one topic of our copy; as we had set up so much about the dry weather that that subject had become very dry itself.

Postpone writing all the letters you possibly can till next month, as Uncle Sam will carry three, then, at the same price that he does two now.

THE OFFICE DEVIL.

As "Steep Falls" has gone to the Artic regions and your "Hub" correspondent has hung himself to a willow bush, we venture to forward you a few items gathered up in our rambles about town, which you are at liberty to use or reject. Should our first effort to write local items for the newspapers come to grief, we'll send you some poetry on the "sear and yellow leaf," for October.

One day last week, Horace Cole and Harry Lane walked from the Glen House to the summit of Mt. Washington in just four hours and twenty minutes. Their progress was somewhat retarded by snow and ice when within two miles of the top, but when you consider the fact that Horace weighed 190 pounds on the start, the feat is worthy of being entered on the pages of history.

Walter S. Abbott having raised up his store and added 20 feet to its length, showing a veranda and bay window from the 2d story, struck us so favorably while viewing the premises from the street, that we stepped in to look the situation over. We found a tenement up stairs that greatly exceeded our expectations. You get a lovely view of the business portion of Main street from the front room, and find ample protection from storm and sunshine from the stately old elms that tower far above the roof. In addition to this, we find a pleasant dining-room, cook-room with all the modern appliances, two good size sleeping rooms, and plenty of closets, all richly papered and painted, affording the owner of this valuable property one of the most desirable locations for trade, and the most delightful little tenement to be found in Norway village.

The school interest seems to survive the pressure. The whole number of scholars attending the Academy is 169. The High school has 89—Grammer and Intermediate 40 each.

W. E. Bartlett and Burnside Long, while camping out on the shores of our favorite lake, one day last week, caught a fine pickerel that weighed four pounds and three quarters.

Mrs. B. G. Barrows, who resides on Tucker St., had an agreeable surprise Saturday afternoon, by a visit from four of her sisters, two from Massachusetts and two from Auburn, Me.

F. Q. Elliot has found it necessary to put another story on his counters and utilize every square inch in cellar and garret to pack his fall and winter clothing. He has a mammoth stock of goods, consisting of coats, pants, vests, under wear, hats, caps, furnishing goods and a thousand or more of other things calculated to add warmth and comfort to his customers, and Jack says they are all of the best quality, and that he is going to sell them right off. We have been watching him for the last eight years and have never caught him in a lie.

STROLLER.

NORWAY LAKE.

J. L. Partridge is shingling his house.

Surveyor S. A. Stephens will be at home the first of October for a short time, and will hold himself in readiness for all business in the surveying line.

J. A. Roberts, esq., raised four pullets this season which commenced to lay before they were four months old, and one of them stole her nest away and began to set.

L. E. Bennett was brought from Mr. Dutton's on Sunday and is convalescing.

The Gammon twin brothers, C. M. and S. H., have found five swarms of bees this season. The quality of the honey they say is excellent, but we can judge better by testing it.

Albion Buck and wife have gone to Harpswell this week to visit their daughter and husband.

Mrs. Nellie Witt has returned to Boston and taken her mother along with her for medical treatment.

Mrs. Decatur Morgan will give a Bible reading at Norway Lake, Sunday, Sept. 23d, at three o'clock, p. m. Subject, "There they crucified Him." Her readings are very interesting, and it is expected that it will be the last one.

SOUTH WATERFORD.

A large and enthusiastic S. S. convention met with the M. E. Church the 18th inst. Many topics of vital interest to the church and Sunday School were discussed at length, and we trust with profit.

Rev. J. S. Richards has gone to Boston on a vacation.

Mrs. Thos. Swan is quite sick.

Mrs. J. H. Snow has gone to Lewiston on a visit, and Miss Addie Atherton has gone with her. They will attend the State fair.

Miss Orrie Atherton is at Farmington for a few weeks.

The bucket factory is running in full blast by steam, the company having bought the engine connected with it, so they do not watch the clouds quite as anxiously as their neighbors on the stream.

E. W. Ayer has gone to the State fair.

Horse stealing is getting to be a moonlight pastime about here now.

We understand that Marcellus Whitcomb, the man crippled from a falling tree nearly a year ago, intends visiting Norway soon.

Echo Lake Commandery U. O. G. C. is very nicely quartered in Merrill's hall.

Mr. Dexter Brown's little son about four years and a half old, died Sept. 19th. Funeral at 10 o'clock Friday, Sept. 21, Rev. J. H. Snow officiating.

Why the "Royal" is the Best.

The improved method by which it has been made possible to produce pure cream of tartar, has had an important bearing upon the manufacture of baking powder. By the process heretofore generally employed, it has been found impossible to remove all impurities, more particularly the tartrate of lime, which remained to such an extent as to greatly impair the quality of the cream of tartar, and to interfere seriously with the strength and wholesomeness of the baking powders into which it entered.

In the new process, which is owned by the Royal Baking Powder Company of New York, and exclusively employed in its extensive tartar works, the imported crude grape acid is so treated as to remove all vestige of tartrate of lime or other impurities, giving a product before unknown—a chemically pure cream of tartar.

By the employment of these superior facilities, the Royal Baking Powder Company has made the Royal Baking Powder, as the chemists all certify, of the highest possible degree of strength, "absolutely pure" and wholesome, and with an always uniform leavening power. It is for these reasons that the "Royal" never fails to produce bread, biscuit, cakes, etc., that are light, sweet, digestible and wholesome; the eating of which is never followed by indigestion, or any of those physical discomforts attendant upon the partaking of improperly prepared food. In rendering possible the production of a baking powder possessed of these qualifications, the improved method of refining cream of tartar becomes at once a matter of material importance to the culinary world.

Camping Out.

BY ONE OF THE PARTY.

On the 20th of Aug. a party of thirteen, whose names are as follows: Ernest Getchell, Annie Mullen, Frank Sutton, Mrs. J. F. Gibson and Albert Hobbs, of Lewiston, Martha Cheetham, of St. Stevens, Harry Jordan, of Auburn, James French, May Holt, Kate Hobbs, Belle French and John Hobbs, of No. Norway; also Dr. Clark of this village started for Dixville Notch and other places of interest which we will mention. Owing to the party being so large it required considerable baggage, including two large tents, and when we were all packed for starting we found that we had two double teams well filled.

The first halt was made at Bean's Ferry where we took dinner. At two o'clock we were ferried across the Androscoggin en route to Screw Auger Falls where we spent the night. These falls are too well known to need any description from us. During the night we were visited by a heavy shower, but as our tents were water-proof it did not disturb us in the least.

The next day we passed through Grafton Notch, halted in Cambridge, N. H. and pitched our tents on the shore of the Umbagog. The first of the evening was spent in sailing on this well-known lake. Returning, we were joined by other young people in the neighborhood and spent the remainder of the evening in dancing and social games.

The next morning some of the party started for Dixville Notch, while those who had visited the Notch before preferred to try their luck at trouting on Molnichewock Meadows. About 3 p.m., the fishing party returned with a hundred nice trout, and after feasting on these they proceeded to Errol where they were joined by the remainder of party. Being late when we arrived there we spent our third night at the Errol hotel. As there have been many previous descriptions given of Dixville Notch, we will only mention those with which the party was most delighted.

The first place visited was Table Rock: having a nice spy-glass, we had a fine view of the surrounding country. Passing out from the Notch we did not forget to observe the Profile, also to visit both the Flume and Sylvan Cascades. The view of the Cascades alone we considered worth the trip. Eight o'clock the next morning found us on the Milan Road. There for thirteen miles we followed the Androscoggin as far as Pentacook Falls where we camped a few days. It was near Mr. Twitchell's dwelling and we found them the most accomodating people we ever met. Two of our party were obliged to leave us as one of them was soon to start for California.

Friday evening the remainder of the party was invited to a sing at Mr. Twitchell's. There we spent a pleasant evening, and we doubt not one that will be long remembered by the party. Saturday morning we started for Gorham. We stopped at Berlin Falls where those who wished visited the Berlin Mills. Driving on we had a fine view of the falls, also the Alpine Cascades. Passing through the pretty village of Gorham, we halted two miles from the village in Shelbourn. We were still within view of the Androscoggin. This evening was spent in our annual Lyceum, the paper of which will always be a precious relic among the party.

The next day being Sunday, we remained where we were until Monday morning, when we started for Norway where we arrived at 5 p. m. All declared themselves to be perfectly delighted far beyond their expectations and even now are anticipating another visit to the New Hampshire sceneries, notwithstanding this is the third visit some of the party have made.

There will be sold at public auction at the residence of the late Dean Lunt in Peru, Wednesday the 10th, at 10 o'clock, a general assortment of farming tools, carpenters tools, 12 M shingles, four or five tons of good English hay, etc.

Mexico and Dixfield are building a bridge across Webb's River.

BIRTHS.

In Bethel, to Dr. and Mrs. Tuel, a daughter.
In Andover, Sept. 6, to Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Hutchins, a son.
In Andover, Sept. 9, to Mr. and Mrs. Owen P. Smith, a son.
In South Hiram, Sept. 12, to Mr. & Mrs. Lemuel C. Holmes, a daughter.
In Paris, Sept. 13, to Mr. & Mrs. George C. Mason, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

In Newry, Sept. 9, at the home of the bride's father, Charles Wight, by Rev. A. H. Whitman, Mr. Solomon M. Rowe and Miss Lydia D. Wight, both of Green, Me.
In Minneapolis, Minn., Sept. 5, at the residence of the bride's father, Rev. S. M. Campbell, Dr. L. D. Leonard and Miss Mary Campbell.

DEATHS.

In Sweden, Sept. 11, Mrs. Dorcas Nevers, aged 88 years, 2 weeks and 5 days.
In Bethel, Sept. 14, Mr. Moses T. Cross, aged 72 years.
In Mechanic Falls, Sept. 16, Mrs. Hezekiah C. Cushman, aged 46 years and 4 months.
In Oxford, Sept. 12, Miss Emily Robinson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Robinson, aged 39 years.

GRAND ÷ FAIR!
Square Heel and Toe Race!!
—FOR—
NOYES'
Drug and Book
STORE,
Where may be found a choice selection of
Drugs & Medicines!
Toilet and Fancy Goods,
Books and Stationery,
Perfumes, Cigars & Confectionery,
WALL PAPERS,
Paints, Oils, Varnishes, &c.
All Goods first-class, and at rock bottom prices.

IF YOU are troubled with Liver Complaint use NOYES' LIVER REGULATOR.

GET YOUR
FAMILY SUPPLIES
—AT—
F. H. NOYES'
Grocery Store!!
MY MOTTO IS THE
Best Goods at Lowest Prices for CASH.
All persons having accounts of more than 30 days standing, will confer a favor by settling the same before October 1st.
F. H. NOYES, Norway, Me.

Hemlock Plank
—AND—
BOARDS
For Sale! Inquire of
CHAS. B. CUMMINGS, Norway, Me.

NEW FALL
MILLINERY!
JUST RECEIVED
AT THE STORE OF
Mrs. A. B. CHASE.
Here also may be found a full line of
Jersey Jackets, Yarns of all kinds,
Hosiery, Gloves, Corsets, Lace,
and a nice line of
Neck Wear and Ready Made Under Clothing.
Remember the place. store of
MRS. A. B. CHASE,
Beal's Block, Norway, Me.

EUREKA!
THE EASY RUNNING
Household Sewing Machine.
It is the easiest running shuttle machine.
Almost Noiseless!
It has a high arm and the largest bobbin of any machine made. It is SIMPLE, USEFUL and BEAUTIFUL. It makes a
Handsome Piece of Furniture.
Any person in want of a good machine can have one ON TRIAL free of charge.
Call and See Them
before purchasing any other. Terms easy. For sale by
W. C. PIERCE,
Norway, Me.

BUY YOUR
Doors, Windows, Blinds
MOULDINGS.
Stair Rail, Balusters, Newels
ASH AND PINE SHEATHING,
WINDOW AND DOOR FRAMES,
BRACKETS, PICKETS, &C.
OF
S. P. MAXIM & SON, South Paris, Me.
Low Prices.
N. B. Every description of House Finish furnished at short notice.
Planing, Matching, Band Sawing and general jobbing attended to. Also Agents for
RUBBER PAINTS!

Closing Out Sale!
Of Medium Weight
CLOTHING
—AT—
ELLIOTT'S Clothing STORE,
NORWAY, ME,
At COST and LESS
For The Next 30 Days.
White Vest and Linen
For ONLY 50 Cents.
Straw Hats at Ruinous Prices.
Call and See!

NON-RESIDENT TAXES

In the town of Waterford, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, for the year 1882. The following list of taxes on real estate, of non-resident owners, in the town of Waterford, for the year 1882, in bills committed to Geo. M. Knight, collector of taxes of said town, on the 3d day of July 1882, has been returned by him to me as remaining unpaid on the 20th day of June, 1883, by his certificate of that date, and now remain unpaid; and notice is hereby given, that if the said taxes, interest and charges are not paid into the Treasury of said town of Waterford within eighteen months from the date of commitment of said bills, so much of the real estate taxed as will be sufficient to pay the amount due therefor, including interest and charges, will without further notice, be sold at public auction, at the store of Charles A. Young in said town of Waterford, on the 24th day of January, A. D. 1884, at 3 o'clock P. M.

Holmes & Howe. Lots No. 10, 11, 11, 12, Range 5, 4, 5, 4, 266 acres, valued at $400; tax $10.40; total $10.40.

Horace Cummings, or unknown, Lot 12, Range 3, 80 acres, valued at $350; tax $9.10; total $9.10.

Rufus Cole. Lot 6, Range 14, ½ acre, valued at $50; tax $1.30; total $1.30.

Geo. W. Morgan, Lot 7, Range 1 & 2, 160 acres, valued at $960, delinquent higway tax in 1881, $2.92.

CHARLES A. YOUNG,
Treasurer of Waterford.

USE NOYES' VIOLET POWDER for the Nursery.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE
By FREELAND HOWE,
REAL ESTATE AGENT, NORWAY, ME.
A fine Residence on Marston St. in Norway Village. New and very desirable.
A two-story Dwelling on Main St. in thorough repair.
Small Dwelling, with Stable connected, in the village of South Paris.
A large Stand at Jackson Village, West Sumner, Me. Suitable for a Hotel or Summer Boarding House.
A small Farm near Norway Village.
All of which will be disposed of at bottom prices.

TRUSSES! Will give you a fit or pay back your money.
NOYES' DRUG STORE

For Sale!
On Paris street, two House Lots. Also Frame for building and Boards for covering same, delivered on spot for $10 per M.
Have also a Farm of 50 acres, situated in Harrison, well divided into grass, wood and pasture, with comfortable buildings; cuts about seven tons Hay. Will sell cheap.
Terms easy. For further particulars, inquire of N. A. TRAFTON,
Paris Street, (27) Norway, Me.

FOR a thorough blood purifier, use Noyes' Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla & Iodide of Potash.

School Books
AND
School Supplies,
of all kinds, at
Noyes' Drug Store.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, use NOYES' Compound Essence of Pepsine.

Perfumery!
OF ALL KINDS.
LUBINS,
WRIGHTS,
COLGATES,
LUNDBOURGS,
and ROBINSON'S
EXTRACTS!
Florida, Lavender & Violet Waters,
Sachet Powders,
And all Standard Colognes, at
NOYES' DRUG STORE,
Norway, Me.

FOR Preserving the Teeth, Hardening the Gums & perfuming the breath, use Noyes' Tooth Powder.

Reduced Prices!
—ON—
MILLINERY!
IN ORDER TO CLOSE OUT OUR
LARGE SUMMER STOCK
—OF—
Hats, Ribbons, Flowers, Etc.
We shall give prices that will defy competition. Please give us a call before buying.
Miss M. E. CROCKETT.
Norway, June 20, 1883. tf

FOR Pain, Weakness, Lameness, &c., Noyes' Strengthening Plaster beats them all.

—: ESTABLISHED, 1830 :—
Honest, Reliable and Standard
WELCH & GRIFFITHS'
SAWS.
Remember the Name. — The Best are the Cheapest.
One of these saws is worth *three of any other kind*. Made of Best Refined Cast Steel, finely tempered and finished, and perfect cutting tools. *Entire satisfaction guaranteed.* We manufacture Saws of all kinds, and *every saw is warranted*. Try them. Don't buy any other. If your hardware dealer don't keep them, order from us direct. Agents wanted everywhere. 50th Annual Price List, etc., free.
Welsh & Griffiths, 91 Water St. Boston, Mass.
IMPORTERS OF BEST FRENCH BAND SAWS.

NOYES' CONDITION POWDERS are pronounced the best in use for all kinds of Stock and Poultry.

HARRY LANE,
has a LARGE and entirely NEW stock of
FALL and WINTER SUITINGS!
Full line of Fancy Goods.
CLOTHES
made in the LATEST STYLES and WARRENTED TO FIT.
PRICES as LOW as the LOWEST.
CALL and EXAMINE GOODS.
HARRY LANE, Fashionable Tailor.
NORWAY, ME.

USE NOYES' UNIVERSAL HAIR PROMOTER.

C. N. TUBBS & CO.
Are just receiving a large lot of choice
FLOUR!
of different grades direct from one of the
BEST MILLS
at St. Louis, which they will sell at
WHOLESALE and RETAIL
at the
LOWEST MARKET PRICES.

A GOOD ORGAN for sale cheap. Inquire of A. W. Paunce, Pleasant St., Norway, Me.

W. F. FOSTER,
AT THE
Falls Grist Mill,
Keeps a full line of all kinds of
Grain & Feed!
—ALSO—
FLOUR
IN DIFFERENT GRADES.
He sells low for Cash!
He has COTTON SEED MEAL & GROUND PLASTER in stock.
Custom Grinding done at the Falls Grist Mill. 19tf

W. J. WHEELER,
Fire,
Life, &
Accident
Insurance Ag't,
ALSO DEALER IN
PIANOS,
ORGANS,
MUSIC
STOOLS
AND
Instruction Books.
OFFICE—Post Office Building. WARE-ROOMS—No. 3, I. O. O. F. Block,
South Paris, Me.

MID-SUMMER BARGAINS IN
FURNITURE.
—AT—
C. S. CUMMINGS'
FURNITURE WARE ROOMS,
Norway, Me.
A
Complete Assortment!
All of the LATEST STYLES.
Price Low!
Goods Warranted as Represented.
Please examine my stock before purchasing elsewhere.
Goods delivered free on the G. T. R., within 40 miles of this place.

A PART OF
N. D. BOLSTER'S
Cash Dollar List:
10 lbs. Granulated Sugar.
11 " C. C. "
12 " Good Yellow Sugar.
8 " Raw Rio Coffee.
7 " Best Raw Rio Coffee.
8 " Good Roasted Rio "
6 " Best Roasted Rio "
3 1-2 lbs. Best Roasted Java do.
14 bars French Laundry Soap.
16 " Welcome "
12 " Bombay. "
8 packages Soapine.
10 cans best Sweet Corn.
N. D. BOLSTER,
South Paris.

STORE TO LET! The Store now occupied by Chas. G. Blake, opposite Elm House. Inquire of
MRS. A. L. BARTLETT.
1-tf

FOR JAUNDICE, BILIOUSNESS, Liver and Kidney troubles, Loss of Appetite, &c., &c., use NOYES' VEGETABLE BITTERS, the Great Blood Purifier.

Parkman, Me., July 7th, 1883.
FRIEND CROCKETT:
Your YELLOW DOCK BITTERS have done me more good than any thing else I have tried, and I have taken lots of medicine.
Enclosed please find two dollars ($2.00) for which please send me by return express the amount in your YELLOW DOCK BITTERS, and oblige,
Yours Truly,
A. E. BRIGGS,
Parkman, Me., Piscataquis Co.
To S. L. Crockett, Registered Apothecary, Norway, Me.

A TALISMAN.

I have heard of the fairy host that hides
In depths of the ferny dells;
That sports with the shadows on mountain side,
And sleeps in the heather bells;
Whose life is as pure and free from care
As the balmy breath of the mountain air.

I have read of the fiend that haunts the brake
When the traveler passes by;
That lurks in the basilisk gaze of the snake,
And leaps from the madman's eye.
But my haunting spirit, by turn it is
A demon of hate and an angel of bliss.

I have heard her fairy foot on the lea,
Like a pulse of the summer wind,
And the bud that quivers beneath the bee,
Trembles not more than my mind—
But magic goes further than poet tells,
And the most familar have potent spells.

Is there a witchery in their ring,
Or only a memory?
That glittering stone is a precious thing—
Has it any worth for me?
For it calls up Heaven from the buried past,
Only to tell me it could not last.

The changing light of the opal's hue
Is the talisman I will wear,
Reminding me now of her eyes of blue,
And now of her golden hair—
Or, perhaps, a cluster of snowy pearl,
To symbol the love of a purer girl.

STORY OF A SHOE-MAKER.

I was born in the Luxembourg just about 50 years ago. Goodness! How I used to work at the bench when I was a lad, sewing and hammering, hammering and sewing on boots and shoes. There was that dear old father of mine, with his big steel-rimmed spectacles perched on his nose, who set me an example of thrift and honesty.

"Above all," he would say to us, for a brother then worked with me, "be a good shoe-maker. Never scamp anything. Do the best you can, and do it all the time."

We would work from sunrise till far into the night. The pay we got was little enough, so small that we used to watch the candle that fluttered in the wind, and worry over its cost. If we worked very, very hard, and custom was good, we might count on a gain of 10 sous each, but sometimes we would all stop pegging away because the poor people in our village had no money to pay for shoes. Oh! how difficult it was to buy a sack of coarse flour or a little scrap of meat. We lived from hand to mouth. Poor old father, do what we could to help him, he got into debt, and owed at one time as much as 30 francs. What a huge sum that seemed to me to be! what a whole mountain of embarrassment!

I starved myself in order to put a little money aside. One day I said to father: "This thing don't work. I am going to clear out. I can't stand it."

"You will leave me, my son? Your poor old father is an incumbrance to you?"

"No, not at all. But I must go away to work for him."

"It is well," replied my father. "You are a good shoe-maker. Your stitches are strong and even. You shape well. Go see the world, and God's blessing accompany you."

I went to Paris and led a miserable life there for a time. I hardly gained my wages at first. The habits of the Parisian shoe-maker horrified me, for I had been brought up by a pious father. I was a good workman, however, and after a while found steady employment, but I could help poor father but very little. Oh! it used to make my heart sore to think of him cramped up in his little, dingy room, working away for dear life, with the meagre reward of a crust of dried bread. The habits of economy he had taught me helped me then. I scraped together sou by sou and at last sent him 10f. He wrote me that the sum had saved him from being turned out of his poor old chamber. "This will never do," I said. "I must go somewhere else. I am a good shoe-maker, and my experience in Paris has given me the finishing touch. I must go somewhere else, where the art of Crispin will be appreciated." One fine day in 1850 I took a place as landsman on an English bark, from Havre to Boston. I landed in the United States with just 40 cents (2f.) in my pocket. I sought work at once. I saw in a little shoe-maker's shop up a narrow street a sign written on paper and stuck on the glass with wafers. I could not read it. I did not know a single word of English then, but over the door there was a German name. I made bold to enter and talked German to the proprietor.

"Sit down," he said, "on that bench, and sew me on that sole."

"I am a fair shoe-maker, as you will see," I replied.

It was a pleasure to take hold of the tools once more; they seemed to know me. How I blessed my father then. My boss was satisfied, and I got a job right off at $1 a day and my food. That was a fortune to me then. I worked for six months steadily and, save for a second-hand pair of trousers, bought by me at a bargain, I hoarded every penny. I sent the dear old father $50, and back came his blessing. He wrote he had never seen so much money at one time in his life. But I was ambitious. Just then the California fever was raging. Something told me to go to the Pacific coast. I took ship and crossed the Isthmus. Just before arriving at San Francisco there was a heavy gale; we came near being shipwrecked, and I lost my hat. I remember that quite well. I landed in San Francisco with $1 exactly. On board there was a carousing shoe-maker, who had been sent for from the East by a man who had kept a shop in San Francisco. I heard him say that he had come before his time, and that, anyhow, if he could do better he was not going to work at cobbling. He mentioned the name of the man who was to hire him, and I had his consent to apply for the place.

I went to the shoeshop at once and asked for the position.

"It is given to another man, who ought to be here soon, and I can't make use of you. Besides, you have no hat."

"That makes no difference," I replied. "I see shoemakers' wages are $6 a day—(it was the flush times of California then)—give me $3 and feed me, and only let me stay until the man you hired turns up, for I am indeed a shoemaker."

The boss gave a kind of grudging consent. Then I set to work, and slept that night in the shop. When the master came to the place in the morning he found everything in elegant order and I had made $5 before breakfast by mending a boot. I suited him exactly—for I am a good shoe-maker. I lived with that man for a year, and saved all my money. I sent the dear old fellow at home $100. If you could only have seen the letter that came back! The blessed old daddy wanted to know if I thought he was a spendthrift? That $100 he was going to make do for the next three years! There was a chance I heard of in Sacramento. I went there, my master giving me some of his shop-worn stock. I did a splendid business. In six months I had made for my share $3,000. My fortune was before me. Poor old daddy was not forgotten. I got a cross letter from him this time, the poor simple soul wanted to know whether I thought he was going to the dogs. Did I want to make him a drunkard, a gourmand, and put all kinds of temptation in his way? Too much money was the source of all evil. I was robbing myself to pamper him—but for all that there was a lot of sweetness in the letter.

Well, I thought that fortune was now mine. But one night a bad fire broke out and I was burned out. Fires occurred in Sacramento every night and were the work of thieves. I gathered together the few pairs of boots I could put my hands on, and placed them with my money, all in gold, in a trunk, and I carried it out of the wooden shanty just as the roof fell in. For better security I sat on my trunk, and gazed bewildered-like at the flames. "I have something left," I said, "after all, to begin the world with." Just then I was struck a heavy blow over the head with a club, and lost all consciousness. When I came to I found myself on the ground and my trunk gone. The thieves had done the business for me. Ah! then I gave myself up, just for a moment, to despair. "I am ruined—ruined for ever. Poor old daddy!" I thought. But I was not ruined, for that crack on the head was the means of my making my fortune.

I didn't cry over things much, for I am a good shoe-maker, and that is always a solid capital. I had a little money in my pocket, and went to San Francisco. I knew my old master would take me back, and he did so. I resumed my old place. There was an auctioneer among his customers with the tenderest feet I ever saw, and as I am a shoe-maker that explains all my good look. This auctioneer had been grumbling ever since I left San Francisca. When he saw me he was delighted. "At least now," he said, "I am out of my great misery. I shall limp no longer." At once I made him a pair of shoes, and he was delighted.

One day he said to me: "Thad an auction yesterday, and I put up without getting a single bidder, a lot of very fine French boots. They won't sell because there is a glut of boots on the market. They were imported a year ago, but the shape is out of fashion now. It was a square toe then, now it is a round one. Do you buy them?"

"How much?" I asked.

"Make your own price."

"But I have no money."

"That makes no difference; you may have them on credit; pay me when you can."

I went to look at those cases of boots. They were of the finest quality, and excellent as to make. Some of them were cavalry boots, but such as only dandy horsemen or General officers wear. Remember, I am a good shoe-maker and know my trade. I bought these boots at one dollar per pair. The leather alone was worth twice that. At night I used to work on them. I made the square toes pointed—for I am a good shoe-maker. Some of them I cut down into bootees. Oh! I worked night after night on them after hours. Then I hired a small shop and hung up a few pairs in the window.

A Mexican came first. "How much?" "Ten dollars." He took the boots. Then a miner passed. "How much?" "Fifteen dollars." Then a gentleman on a fine horse came by and looked from his horse at the boots, and he tied up his horse and asked "How much?" "Twenty dollars." He put a double eagle down. I must have made $2,500 clear on those boots. Then I found more of them—a mine of these boots, and I put in my pocket six thousand dollars in three weeks. I worked on for a year and made money in my trade steadily, for I am a good shoe-maker. Then I got married in San Francisco to a woman I loved, and my married life has been a very happy one. It was a pain when I said to my wife: "I must leave you my love, for a short time—only long enough to pay my dear old daddy a visit." I left my business in her charge. It was a voyage of business and pleasure, for I went to Paris to buy goods.

Poor old daddy! There was the same magpie in the wicker-work basket, and he saluted me, for he remembered me. When I was a little boy I stuck a tail of false feathers on his with some cobbler's wax. He never forgot me, and ruffled his feathers at me as soon as he saw me, as if my insult to him had been of recent date. There was hardly a change in the room. There hung father's old watch, as big as a saucer, ticking away, with a spray of box-wood over it for luck. Then there was on the shelf the same old earthenware jug. The handle I broke one unfortunate day, and a piece of leather was bound round it, and it hung on a nail by a thong. He had the same awl in his hand—at least it was the same handle, for once I came near getting a thrashing for having whittled it. Even an old almanac of a year long gone past was there, tacked to the wall with shoe brads. He had on the same apron, only it was worn thinner.

The dear old father was bending over his work, pounding slowly at some bit of leather on a last. You could count one, two, three, four between the hammerings. In my time it was rat-tat-tat, like a drum beating, with no interval between the strokes. I strode in and the old gentleman first looked at my feet; that was a way he had. At a glance, for he was the king of shoe-makers, he could take in all the differences between your foot and the feet of the rest of the world. He looked and looked again. He must have recognized a family foot for I saw his hand tremble, and then he pushed up his great steel-rimmed spectacles, and the tears ran down his cheeks as he rose and then tottered and then fell into my arms. How we kissed one another. "My son, my son, you never would have succeeded had you not been a good shoe-maker; you never scamped anything; you did the best you could all the time," was what he said when I told him of my good luck. "Like my dear old daddy did before me," I added. Then I kicked over his work bench and said, "No more work for you, old pappy. for I am rich. I have a wife, I have a baby—a boy baby, named after you—and you are to take the cars—first class—to-morrow or the day afterward and come post-haste out of the old country to California, so that grandchild shall sit on your knee, and you shall teach him to be honest and pious, and to love you." "And may I not make him a good shoe-maker?" he asked. "But you go too fast. Let me think over it. You ask me to leave this old Luxembourg, where I was born. I should never see again the grave where your mother, my good wife, has slept for these last thirty odd years. I don't know. I am very old. I should be in the way. I love my old trade. Do they wear shoes in California? May I cobble there? I assure you, though the hog-bristles bother me just a little at times, and my hammer moves just a trifle slower, still I can turn out a decent job. I wonder if I cannot beat you now. Come let us try."

To please the old man, I took up a bit of work and commenced on it. "It is well done," said father admiringly. "I see you have not forgotten my lessons, Perhaps that one stitch there is not quite—quite as even as it should be. My remarks don't worry you? Still," and he held in his shaky hands the old boot near his eye, "it will pass muster."

At last the blessed old man consented to go with me. Next day we had a feast in the village. All the old cronies were invited, the cooper, the watchmaker, the butcher, the drover, the tailor and the tax-collector. The Curate gave the party his blessing. Oh, what a good time we had! The old man was radiant. I was introduced to every one as "M. ——, the American shoe-maker, who had learned his trade in the Luxembourg." We kept it up all that afternoon and late into the evening. It was a feast such as that sleepy old town will remember for many a day. Just occasionally I noticed that the old man weakened when some ancient chum took him by the hand to bid him good-bye. Then I would say: "Dear Daddy, it's your grand-child that claims you. How do you expect that he will ever be a good shoe-maker without your teaching him?" That was an all-powerful argument. The blessed old man made the trip with me across the ocean without much fatigue. How glad my wife was to see her husband and father, and, as to the baby, he went at once into his grandpapa's arms.

Of course, father was too old to work, but still he insisted upon having his bench. As he grew feebler the stitches became more uneven, and we were often alarmed about the awl, which might have pricked him. He lived, though, happily with us for some years. He grew more unsteady day by day and wandered a little, but still he would spend an hour or two every day at his bench. He made a goat harness for the little boy and quite a number of pretty things in leather.

One day I heard him in his room tapping, tapping away on his lap-stone with more than ordinary vigor. Then I listened to him. He said: "A good job; a very good job. Capital, though I ought not to praise myself. There never was but one man who could equal me, and that is my dear, dear son, and his son, my grandson, shall also be a first-class shoe-maker, if the good God, whose name be blessed, only lets me live a little, a very little longer," and then I had heard the rattle of a hammer as if it had dropped on the floor, and I went into his room, and the dear old man passed quietly away, with a last prayer on his lips. There are no shoe-makers nowadays like in the old time.

FARM AND GARDEN.

LESSONS IN DRAINING LAND.—I mistakenly undertook to dry a flat piece of ground at the foot of a hill by putting an underdrain along the base. But later, when a ditch was put through the middle of the flat where the water settled most, the water was carried off and the land was made dry. My theory about cutting off the springs and water-courses at the foot of the hill so as to make the bottom land dry proved to be an expensive mistake. In my early experience I was taught another fact—that water will work its way down hill through the ground rather than follow a ditch with a slight descent running on the side of the hill, parallel with top and bottom. In this case, as in the other, wet holes were made dry by running ditches through them with as much direct fall as possible. There are ditches on the farm, with a good fall made of stone, which have effectually drained wet places and are now in good repair, that were put down sixty years ago. Some of them have furnished a supply of water in the fields where they are located. Ditching is a kind of work which it pays to do well, and when once done it will last a life time, and change a poor field to a good one. I know of a number of fields which had always been boggy and unproductive, that by the expenditure of $15 or $20 per acre were made valuable land, and capable of producing any kind of crop. In most such cases the first crop will pay all the expense of the improvements, and it would really be good economy for a farmer, if he could not do otherwise to borrow the money and pay the interest on it, to make such lands productive, rather than pay taxes on them year after year without receiving any return. There is a field within sight of my door which by the expenditure of $100 could be made worth $100 per acre for a meadow, or to raise grain. It now produces worthless bog-grass, which grows three or four feet high, showing the strength of the soil, and other conrse grasses which cattle will not eat. When a farmer expends money to increase the productiveness of his farm, he is not only adding to his capital, but to his income, on the simple principle that the more land will produce the more it is worth. It isn't the expenditure of money in this way that ever injures a farmer, but the buying of unnecessary things and permitting waste.—F. D. CURTIS, Kirby Homestead, N. Y.

FALL PLOWING.—The crops will soon be all harvested and teams comparatively idle. When the rush is over there will be time for fall plowing, and the only wonder is that farmers generally will not practice it. I consider fall plowing of great benefit, especially to heavy lands and lands infested more or less with insects. A team can plow at least one-third more land in fall than in the spring. The soil is made mellow and its mechanical conditions greatly improved by exposure to the action of the frosts. Fall plowing is an excellent preparation for a good seed-bed in the spring.

CUCUMBER PICKLES.—The following recipe for pickling cucumbers can be recommended as excellent: Wash the cucumbers clean, make a good brine and pour it scalding hot over them; let them stand three hours. To one gallon of vinegar add a piece of alum as large as a hickory nut; let it get scalding hot, put in your pickles and let them remain fifteen minutes, then take them out and throw away the vinegar. Take a gallon of fresh vinegar; add red peppers, cut up; cinnamon and cloves, if you like; while mustard, horse-radish, a little alum, and half a teacupful of sugar. Let this come to a scald; put the pickles in and let them scald; then seal up in glass jars. Be particular to get good apple vinegar, and the pickles will keep as long as desired.

FISHY.—A Mexican shepherd who tends flocks near Montemorelos avers that when he returned from shelter, to which a thunder storm had driven him, he found in the field a fish over five feet long, which apparently had fallen from

Domestic Recipes.

Tart apples make a delicate entree cooked thus: Cut them in slices way across the apple, remove the core and seeds, dip in batter, and fry until brown in hot lard. This should be served with pork chops or with roast pork.

A delicate and inexpensive dish for dessert is made by boiling some rice until it is perfectly tender; cook some tart apples at the same time; when they are soft, beat them with a spoon until they are light; season with sugar and a little cinnamon, and put a layer of rice in a pudding dish; then a layer of apple-sauce, until the dish is full, having the apple on top. Serve warm or cold, with cream.

Here is an excellent rule for cucumber catsup. Pare one dozen large ripe cucumbers; take out the seeds and grate the cucumbers; make a bag of thin muslin; put them in it and hang them up to drain over night; chop two or three onions, two or three green peppers, add a tablespoonful of salt, and the thin substance left in the bag; one quart of the best vinegar is needed. This will keep and will be delightfully fragrant and fresh in midwinter.

A baked omelet is quickly made, and is certain to be light. Heat one pint of sweet milk, and put a dessertspoonful of butter in it while hot; wet a heaping tablespoonful of flour in a little cold milk; when smooth beat four eggs very light with it and stir into the hot milk; add almost a teaspoonful of salt. Bake in a pudding dish in a hot oven. This may also be served with sauce as a pudding.

The Victim of an Octopus.

The following account of an attack by a cuttle-fish on a boy is given by the Hiogo *News*:

It is not strange that cuttle-fish should damage vegetables growing in fields by the seashore, but the surprising news reaches us that a boy has been killed by one of these hideous creatures. We hear that some few days ago a boy about fourteen years of age was fishing at Tomiokamura, Amakusa, Hizen, and a huge cuttle-fish stretched two of its tentacles out of the water and grasped the boy's right arm. The boy shouted for assistance, as the fish was dragging him in, and some men who were near released the lad by cutting the tentacles. When the boy reached home his arm was cold and motionless, and, notwithstanding medical aid was called in, he died five days afterward.

An Instant Remedy for Poisoning.

If a person swallows any poison whatever, or has fallen into convulsions from having overloaded his stomach, an instantaneous remedy is a heaping teaspoonful of common salt and as much ground mustard stirred rapidly in a teacup of water, warm or cold, and swallowed instantly. It is scarcely down before it begins to come up, bringing with it the remaining contents of the stomach; and lest there be any remnant of poison, however, let the white of an egg or a teacup of strong coffee be swallowed as soon as the stomach is quiet; because these very common articles nullify a large number of virulent poisons.

A RIDE.—After enjoying a ride on the electric railway at the Southern Exposition in Louisville, a man with sunbrowned face and wearing a sombrero exclaimed: "I've seen something we ain't got in Texas, and they'll call me a liar when I tell 'em I rode around a tenacre lot on a railroad that was run without steam or fire."

A BOOK agent named Joe Smyrk,
Was put out and hurt by a jerk,
He says as a cure,
St. Jacobs Oil is sure,
At all times to get in its work.

A lightning-rod man in St. Paul,
From a house had a serious fall,
Though battered and bruised,
He said when he used
St. Jacobs Oil—"it simply beats all."

Hunger scarce kills any, but gluttony and drunkenness multitudes.

Terrible Sufferings.

Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.:—I have a friend who suffered terribly. I purchased a bottle of your "Favorite Prescription," and, as a result of its use, she is perfectly well.

J. BAILEY, Burdett, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" purify the blood and cure constipation.

BOOKS serve to isolate man; that which is told us by word or mouth is far more potent.

"We know heart disease can be cured, why? Because thousands say they have used Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator, and know it does cure."—*Plympton News.* $1 per bottle at druggists.

MARKET NOTES.

NEW YORK MARKET.

The Wholesale New York market quotations show:

BEANS—Prime, $3.65@$3.75; fair to good, $2.00@$2.25 per bushel.

BUTTER—New York sold at 22½@23c. for choice in pails, and 18@19c. common to good. Western Creamery sold at 21@22c., and the common Western at 17@18c.

CHEESE—Factory fancy, 9@10c; do. fair to good, 8@9c.

EGGS—Quotations ranged from 23c. for ordinary, to 24c. for New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

FLOUR—Superfine, $3.30@$4.00; Western, $4.00@$7.50; extra New York, $4.60@$6.25.

HAY—Shipping, 55@60c.; clover, 50@55c., salt, 60c; straw, 50@55c.

HOPS—New York, —@32c.; Eastern, 25@27c; yearlings, 20@24c; olds, —@—.

PETROLEUM—Refined, 7⅜c; crude, 6⅞@7⅜c in bulk; in barrels, 8⅝c; naphtha, 6¾c. in shipping order, and 11½@12c. in cases.

PORK—Clear back, $18.25@$18.75; dressed hogs, 7½@8c.

WHEAT—Spring No. 3, ——@$1.15; Milwaukee, No. 2, $1.15; amber, $1.32@$2.40; white, .85@$1.21.

CORN—Ungraded Western Mixed, 57@64c.; Steamer Mixed, 57@63c. in elevator. 57½c. delivered; No. 2, 61@64c. in elevator, 61@64½c. delivered; White Southern, —c. delivered.

RYE—State, 76@77c.

WOOL—Ohio, Pennsylvania and Virginia, xxx, 45@46c.; xx, 42@44c.; x, 42@43c.; No. 1, 45@47c.; No. 2, 38@40c.; common, 33@35c.; New York and Western xx and x, 39@45½c.; No. 1, 44@45c.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

FLOUR—State family, $5.00@$5.12½; rye flour $3.62½@$3.75; wheat, State, $1.18@$1.20; amber, $1.43; corn, yellow, 61½c.; mixed States 61c.

PETROLEUM—Refined, 7⅜c.; crude, 6½c.

WOOL—State and Western xx, 46@50c.; x, 47@48c.; medium, 50@51c.; coarse, 45c.

BOSTON MARKET.

FLOUR—From $3.00@$3.75 for low and medium, to $5.00@6.00 for choice Minnesota. Corn, 65@69c. for mixed and yellow.

BUTTER—Common, 15c.@18c.; Vermont dairy, 19@21c.; choice creamery, 21@23c.

CHEESE—9¾@9½c.

BEANS—$3.50@$3.60.

HAY—Choice, $17@$18.

CATTLE MARKETS.

BUFFALO—Cattle, good quality, $4.60@$5.25; hogs, fair to good, $5.35@$5.45; best, $5.85.

EAST LIBERTY, PENN.—Best cattle, $6.50@$6.65; medium to good, $6.00@$6.50; common to fair, $5.00@$6.00; Hogs, Yorkers, $5.60@$5.80; Philadelphias, $5.40@$5.60. Sheep, $5.25@$5.50.

WATERTOWN, MASS.—Cattle, choice, $——@$10.25; extra, $8.00@$8.75; first quality, $7.00@$7.75; second quality, $6.00@$6.75; third quality, $4.25@$4.75. Sheep and lambs—wool sheep, $2.25@$5.00; extra, $5.25@$6.00; spring lambs, 5½@6¾c. Veal calves, 3½c@7¼c.

That Husband of Mine

Is three times the man he was before he began using Wells' Hair Renewer. $1. Druggists.

HAPPINESS is not confined to any sphere of life.

IF you are bilious, take Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," the original "Little Liver Pills." Of all druggists.

IT IS better for a young man to blush than to turn pale.

Gastrine.

The hygiene of quackery has done more to aggravate dyspepsia by self-inflicted starvation than gluttony ever did. GASTRINE cures the worst forms of dyspepsia.

To walk when it fatigues reacts in such cases into exhaustion instead of vigor.

Vigor, strength and health, all found in one bottle of Brown's Iron Bitters.

A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds.

PURE blood helps to make a clear conscience. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood. Enough said. Send us a big bottle.

THE COMPANY in which you will improve most will be the least expensive to you.

Skinny Men.

"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Sexual Debility. $1.

A JUDICIOUS silence is better than truth spoken without charity.

ONE pair of boots saved every year by using Lyon's Patent Metalic Heel Stiffeners.

NO PRINCIPLE is more noble, as there is none more holy, than that of a true obedience.

HUNTSVILLE, Ala.—Dr. J. T. Ridley says: "Brown's Iron Bitters is a good appetizer and merits attention from sufferers."

CHILDHOOD shows the man, as morning shows the day.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N.Y.: *Dear Sir*—for many months I was a great sufferer. Physicians could afford me no relief. In my despair I commenced the use of your "Favorite Prescription." It speedily effected my entire and permanent cure. Yours thankfully,
MRS. PAUL R. BAXTER, Iowa City, Ia.

Alms are the golden keys that open the gates of heaven.

For Thick Heads,

Heavy stomachs, bilious conditions—Wells' May Apple Pills—anti-bilious, cathartic. 10 and 25c.

A TORN jacket is soon mended, but hard words bruise the heart of a child.

A natural oil, cleanly, one that will not become rancid, one that is penetrating, one that combines all these qualities is Carboline, the most elegant hair-dresser and restorer. Try it.

IF you love God as you ought, then love your brethren likewise.

TAMPICO, Tenn.—Rev. D. F. Manly says: "Brown's Iron Bitters relieved me of indigestion and nervousness after physicians failed."

Courage, conduct and perseverance conquer ll before them.

JUDGE J. M. SMITH, N. Y., used *successfully* 2 bottles of Dr. Elmore's Rheumatine-Goutaline for his 25-year old rheumatic gout, after trying in vain everything else. He says if R. G. cost $500 a bottle he would buy it.

PROSPERITY is no just scale; adversity is the only balance to weigh friends.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, depression of spirits and general debility, in their various forms; also as a preventive against fever and ague and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphorated Elixir of Calisaya," made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all Druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness, it has no equal.

He that after sinning mends recommend himself to God.

Does your heart ever seem to stop and you feel a death-like sensation, do you have sharp pains in the region of your heart—you have heart disease. Try Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator. $1 per bottle.

TOO GREAT refinement is false delicacy, and true delicacy is solid refinement.

Good News from Texas.

Mr. THOMAS A. HOWARD, of Honey Grove, Fannin County, Texas, under date of April 5, 1883, writes as follows:

"I have been suffering during several years from severe illness, and a general breaking down of my physical system, and have tried the treatment and prescriptions of many doctors far and near, and traveled to the Hot Springs and other mineral springs famous for their remedial qualities, drinking the waters and bathing systematically in their healing depths, but all to no avail, as I steadily failed in health; and although informed by my physicians that my ailments and weaknesses were the result of kidney disease of a dangerous character, they could give me nothing to cure me. During the past two years my sufferings at times were dreadful, and I had the most indescribable pains in the regions about the kidneys, the paroxysms of which were so severe as to render it impossible for me to sleep. While in this deplorable and discouraged condition I was persuaded to try Hunt's Remedy, and after using less than half a bottle my great sufferings and paroxysms of pain were entirely relieved, and I could sleep better and longer than I had in two years before, and although I am now on my third bottle only my improvement is very remarkable, and I regret that I did not know of the wonderful curative powers of Hunt's Remedy before, as it would have saved me years of suffering. I heartily recommend it to all afflicted with any kidney disease or disease of the urinary organs."

"Hit My Case Exactly."

Please allow me to speak in the highest terms of Hunt's Remedy, for it hit my case exactly. I had kidney and urinary trouble pretty bad. I was recommended Hunt's Remedy. I took one teaspoonful as directed. I felt a decided change at the first dose. I took two bottles, and have felt like a new man ever since. Please receive the sincere thanks of myself for the benefits which I sought vainly for and found only in Hunt's Remedy. I will cheerfully give this same opinion of Hunt's Remedy to any one who wishes it, by addressing
ROBERT D. ARCHER,
811 Linnard Street, Philadelphia.
March 14, 1883.

It is no vanity for a man to pride himself on what he has honestly got and prudently uses.

SCROFULA

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